

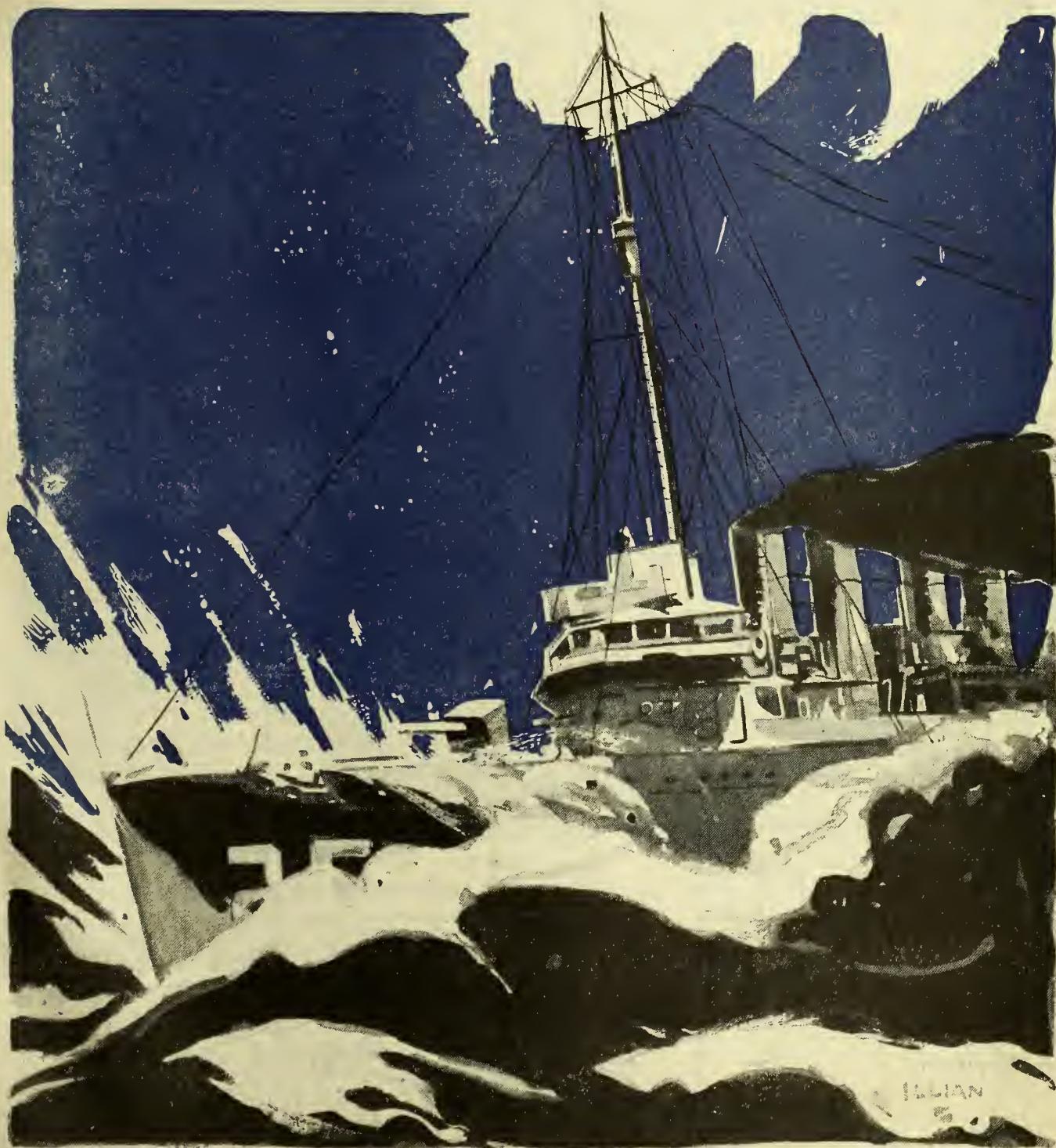
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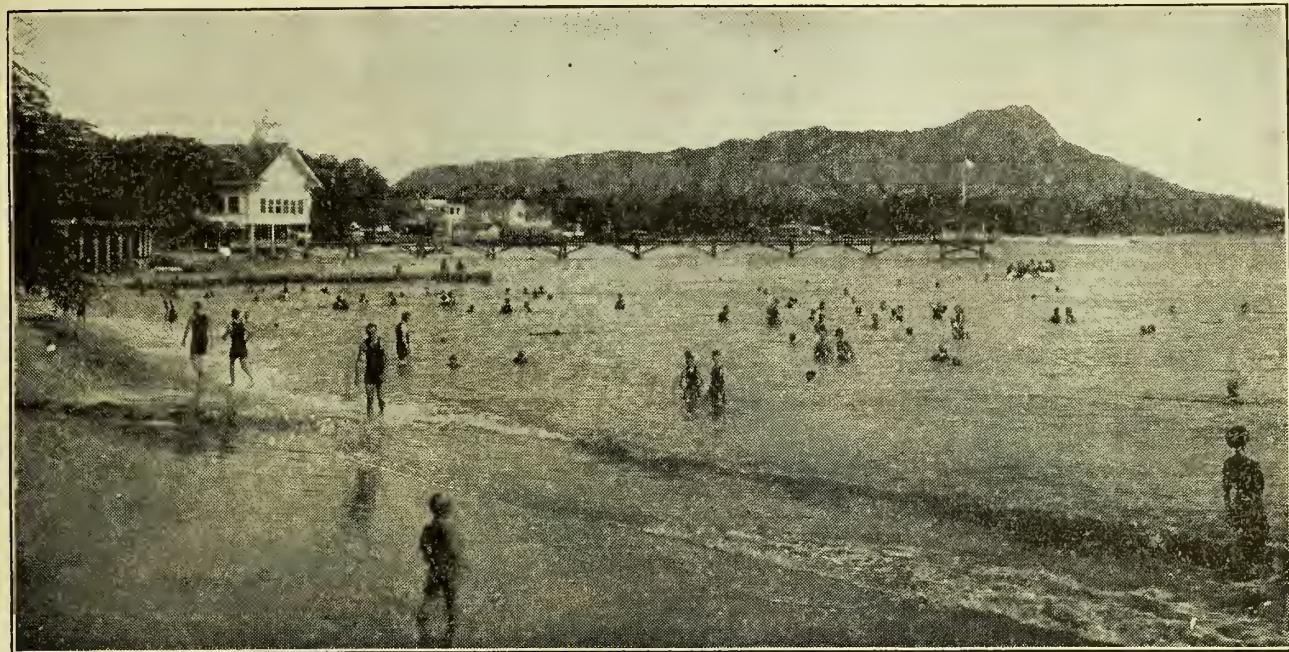


Photo Paul Thompson

The beach at Waikiki, with Diamond Head, defending the American naval base, in the background

Will the Hyphen Win in Hawaii?

The Middle of the Pacific Ocean Has Developed
Our Most Critical Americanization Problem

By Nathaniel Peffer

THE American mind is much absorbed just now in what is known as the Americanization problem. It is troubled by the thought of the unassimilated masses of aliens in the nation's midst and the effect this must have on the nation's future. As it happens, however, the Americanization problem is most serious and most pressing, not in New York or Boston or Chicago or any other large city or on the American continent at all, but two thousand miles out in the Pacific in what Mark Twain called "the loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean"—the Hawaiian Islands. There, significantly, the Americanization problem turns

on what is also America's most serious foreign problem, its relations with Japan. I can state the problem in a single sentence. Forty-four percent of the population is Japanese and nearly half of those are Hawaiian-born and therefore American citizens.

Most Americans, doubtless, look on Hawaii and its charming capital city, Honolulu, as a romantic and exotic spot out somewhere in the distance and remotely connected with America as the source of a one-time devastating flood of popular songs and an improper dance called the hula-hula and a curious musical instrument called the ukulele. One hesitates to estimate the proportion of Americans who do not know that Hawaii is American soil at all, let alone the setting of a serious American problem. It might be well, therefore, to set down a basis of facts essential to an understanding of the situation.

Hawaii is a group of islands two thou-

This is the first of two articles by Mr. Peffer on the racial and economic crisis that has evolved in Uncle Sam's balmiest and fairest possession—the Hawaiian Islands. The predominating element in the population is of Japanese birth, and in less than a generation the majority of American citizens in the Islands will be of Japanese extraction. Which way will their eyes turn, east or west? What are the factors which tend to promote antagonism between white and yellow in Hawaii? What are the prospects for the problem's solution?

sand miles southwest of San Francisco which became American territory by annexation in 1898. There are five main islands: Oahu (on which is Honolulu), Hawaii, Kauai, Maui and Molokai. The islands are small in area and have a population of only 255,912, but their significance is out of all proportion to size and population. Militarily, politically and economically, they are of immense importance. Situated in the middle of the Pacific, commanding the main travel routes between the United States and the Far East, Hawaii is a prime factor in all considerations of naval strategy. A few miles from Honolulu is the great American naval base at Pearl Harbor. Hawaii cuts off practically all approach to America from the Far East by any hostile fleet. In the possession of any other power it would be a jumping-off point from which the American coast could be raided effectively. Its economic importance lies in the fact that it is one of the large sugar producing centers of the world, exporting annually more than half a million tons of raw sugar. Its total annual exports to the United States proper run to nearly \$200,000,000. Its political importance is obvious as the key to the command of the Pacific up to our very doors.

White men, principally Americans, first began to come to Hawaii a hundred years ago, and since then there has been a steadily increasing ascendency of American influence. On his lovely tropical islands, where nature was benevolent and sustenance came easily, the native Hawaiian was easy-going, thriftless, careless of the morrow, and happy. He had and still has little stomach for work and even less concern for what white men call development. He was willing to leave that to the white settlers. The white man's keen eye for prospects saw promise in the islands and he set to work realizing on it. Towns were established, agriculture was developed, a handsome shipping trade was built up, there was an increasing flow of imports and exports. Life took on the kind of complexity we know in Europe and America; and all that called for government.

For that also the Hawaiian was fitted neither by temperament nor experience, and affairs came into European and American hands. First as advisers and then as officials, Americans took a larger and larger part in government. The nineteenth century was the period also of general imperialist expansion, and ambitious glances were directed at Hawaii from more than one quarter. Probably if Hawaii had not

been annexed by America it would have come into the possession of some other power. At any rate, it was annexed by America as part of the eastern movement of American interests in connection with the Spanish War. That this came about largely through the influence of the Americans in the islands is indisputable and the circumstances surrounding it make a long and complicated story full of controversy. That is no longer important, however, for in 1898 Hawaii was formally annexed and in 1900 given the status of a territory under the constitutional provision for territories.

The production of sugar absorbed most of the energies of the Americans and sugar has determined the direction of events ever since. It does now.

Just as they were unsuited for the rôle of executives, so also were the native Hawaiians unfitted for the laborer's hard part; and the growing and harvesting of sugar is as back-breaking labor as men know. There arose in consequence a labor problem. For this there could be no solution but immigration, and for fifty years the movement of population in the territory has been the record of increasing experiments in organized, government-fostered labor importation from all parts of the globe.

First South Sea islanders were tried, but they proved unfit for plantation labor. At various times efforts were made

to bring in Europeans—Russians, Germans, Spanish and Portuguese. These, too, proved unsuccessful for various reasons. The Portuguese have been most nearly successful, and of them there are still some 25,000 in the territory, but they did not stay on the plantations long. They went into agriculture for themselves or into higher forms of labor or left for California. The other Europeans in the main went back home or left for California. By some it is maintained that labor on sugar plantations in a tropical climate is too hard for white men, by others it is said that the white laborers left because they were not well enough treated, being underpaid and housed in uninhabitable quarters. Only from one part of the world was labor importation successful. That was from the Far East.

First came the Chinese, 182 of them being brought in as contract laborers in 1852. They were followed by others in larger numbers until there were 21,000 in the territory. Then their immigration was prohibited. This prohibition was made final when Hawaii became part of American territory and fell under the jurisdiction of the Ameri-

can law excluding Chinese. By far the greatest immigration, however, has been from Japan. The Japanese began coming in the latter part of the century, the first entering as contract laborers by arrangement with the Japanese government. They proved successful, and between 1884 and 1909, when all Japanese immigration into American territory had been stopped by the Gentlemen's Agreement between Japan and the United States, 143,000 Japanese had settled in Hawaii. To this day sixty percent of the field labor on the sugar plantations is Japanese. Since 1907 Filipinos and Porto Ricans also have been brought in, but the Philippines government is opposed to Filipinos leaving their own islands, and Porto Ricans have not been satisfactory. Thus the need of the sugar planters for labor has been met, but a menacing social problem has been created.

A True Melting Pot

THE result is the Hawaii we have today. It comes nearer to being a real melting-pot than any other part of the United States, with all of the picturesque that carries with it. There is scarcely a race or nationality not represented. In the few blocks that make up the business section of Honolulu, which might pass for the business section of any small American town of 10,000, you will be jostled by men of all colors from all climes in all manner of costumes and talking innumerable languages—Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, Samoans, Filipinos, Porto Ricans, Americans, Britons, Russians, Germans, Spanish, Portuguese, and mixtures of two or more of these. In a recent report on Hawaii issued by the Federal Bureau of Education is a picture of thirty-two girl pupils of one Honolulu school, the Kawaiahae Seminary. Among them are a Hawaiian, a Japanese, a Chinese, a Korean, a Russian, a Hawaiian-Chinese, a Hawaiian-Filipino, a Hawaiian-German-Irish, a Hawaiian-Japanese-Indian, a South Sea-Norwegian, a Samoan-Tahitian, a Hawaiian-Russian, a Hawaiian-Japanese-Portuguese, a Hawaiian-Portuguese-Chinese-English, a Guam-Mexican-French. A study of racial intermarriage in the islands shows almost every possible combination, with the noteworthy fact that the Japanese alone among all the peoples there have with but a few exceptions not intermarried at all.

If you go to Aala Park, one of the small open spaces in a crowded quarter of Honolulu, you will see a kids' baseball game in progress—on one side two or three Hawaiians, a white or two, a Chinese, a Japanese, a Portuguese, and on the other two or three Hawaiians, a Korean, a Filipino and two or three that are mixtures of Hawaiian and Chinese or Filipino or American. You will hear baseball slang with Chinese and Japanese modifications and coaching from the sidelines in an exotically flavored English, while in moments of high excitement encouragement is shrieked in the various native tongues. In picturesqueness of population it would be difficult to think of a more fascinating city than Honolulu, and this is the brighter side of the Hawaiian situation.

Put in figures which tell their own

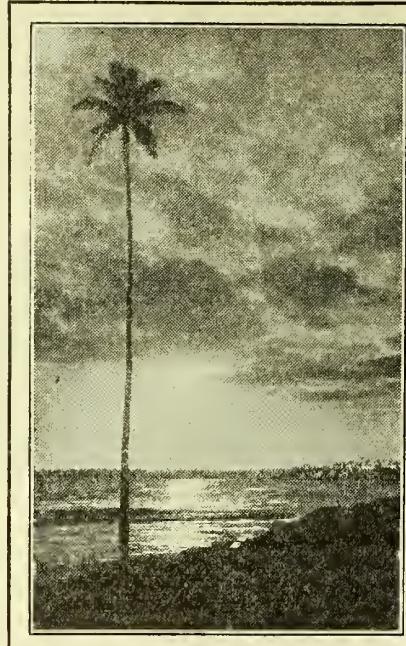


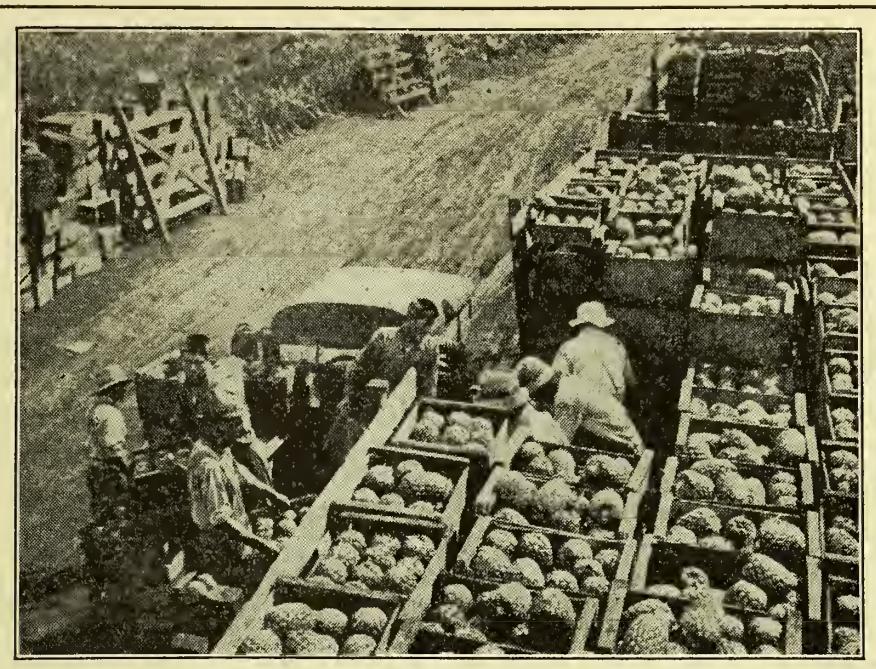
Photo Paul Thompson
Hawaii has every right to boast of its scenery

story, this is the make-up of Hawaii, according to the 1920 census:

Hawaiian	23,723
Caucasian-Hawaiian	11,072
Asiatic-Hawaiian	6,955
Portuguese	27,002
Porto Rican	5,602
Spanish	2,430
Other Caucasian (includes all whites)	19,708
Chinese	23,507
Japanese	109,274
Korean	4,950
Filipino	21,031
Negro and other	658
Total	255,912

Up to two years ago you found in Hawaii not only picturesqueness but amazing success in achieving racial harmony. Much of Europe and Asia was packed into a square block or two and dwelt together in amity. It was the proudest boast of the Americans there that they, six thousand miles from the city where America had its birth, were working out better than in America itself the great American experiment of the melting-pot. Their pride was greatest in their manner of dealing with the Japanese question. Whereas California had worked itself into a state of fury over Japanese immigrants and brought on international complications, in Hawaii, with a much larger proportion of Japanese, there were the pleasantest of relations. Hawaii was proving that Japanese and Americans could live together in concord and to mutual advantage, even that Japanese could be Americanized.

That was two years ago. Today the sentiment of the Americans is substantially the same as in the Pacific Coast States, though there is less acrimony. The issue is nevertheless just as clearly drawn. You now find an American official representative from Hawaii testifying as follows to a Congressional committee in Washington:



© International

Japanese laborers in the pineapple area

With funds in amounts never before possessed by them, the Japanese, who think and act collectively, are provided with capital for their collective use in acquiring control of industries at present owned and controlled by Americans. That they intend to secure such control is demonstrated not only by their disinclination or actual refusal to be employed by American-controlled industries but also by their several specific attempts to purchase the control of some of these industries.

And a Japanese professor of the University of Hawaii is quoted as saying to a meeting of Japanese business men: "The complete solution of the

Japanese question will never be reached until American-born Japanese exert their influence in political circles."

What has happened to bring about the change? First, there has been the inevitable reflection in Hawaii of the strain that has developed between Japan and the United States generally. The outcry in this country against Japan's imperialistic aggressions in the Far East and the resentment of the Japanese at the outcry and America's acts in obstruction naturally have produced friction between Japanese and Americans everywhere. It has been so in Hawaii, too, of course. But this has been only an indirect and intangible factor in Hawaii. There the real cause lies in a strike that broke among the Japanese workers on the biggest sugar plantations in January, 1920. During and after that strike there was a complete reversal in the sentiment of Americans in the territory. It is not exaggerating to say that the same men who before the strike said there was no race problem in Hawaii and that Japanese could be made good Americans declared after the strike that the Japanese were a menace to continued American control of the territory and must be curbed by one means or another. On both sides all the potential resentments have begun to smoulder, if not to flare. The issues of the strike are confused and in themselves not particularly important. The important fact is the result it produced, the fact that it brought the whole Japanese question to a head. The strike marks a turning point in Hawaii's history.

The strike was called on all the plantations on the island of Oahu in January, 1920, and lasted six months. The merits or demerits of the strikers' demands are of lesser interest, for it was the manner in which the strike was conducted and what it revealed rather than the demands that affected the result. There was disclosed for the first time the compact racial solidarity

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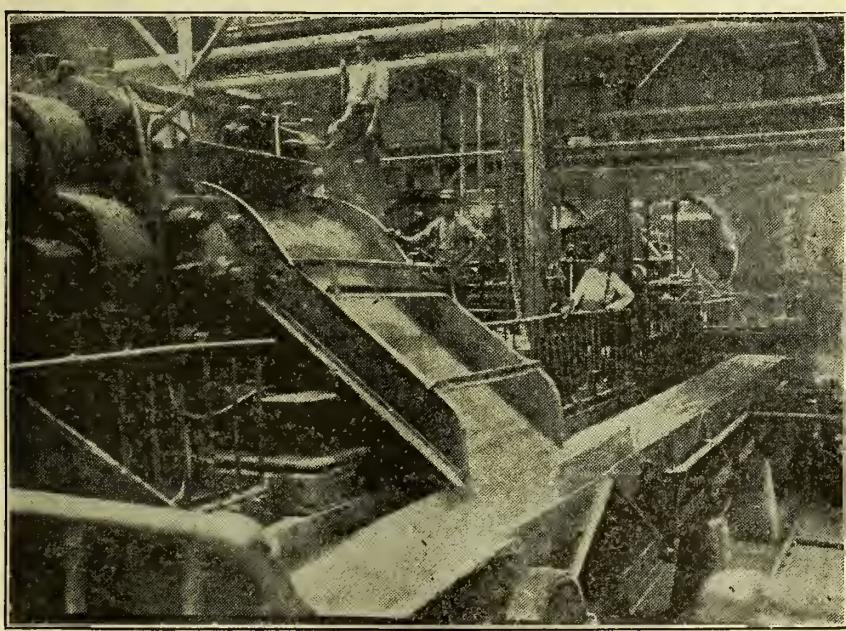


Photo Paul Thompson

Interior of a Hawaiian sugar mill. Two of the three workers shown are Japanese

Our Poor Relations

France's Own Tiger Prepares to Visit These Shores and Explain a Few Things That Have Occurred Since 1918

By Alexander Woollcott

CLEMENCEAU is coming. On his own hook and for his own satisfaction, the old war horse of French politics—eighty-one in September, but as spry as ever—is coming to say a few words on a subject that has not been precisely ignored in the last eight years. Foch, Viviani, Joffre, Briand—they have all had a try at it, and now comes the most interesting of them all, the Marse Henry Watterson of Paris, just such a true and tart and truculent gaffer as Roosevelt might have become had he lived to grow old in the hearth-corner of American politics. Talking a few months back to some youngsters at Nantes, in the Brittany of his boyhood, the Tiger hid his tusks and modestly referred to himself as an old owl, shot down and nailed with outstretched wings to the barn door, according to the custom of the Breton farmers. After which bland announcement that he was done with this world, hark to the flapping of the owl's wings! He meditates flight. And be sure of this—there are a few hoots left in him yet.

Presumably he will speak to us in our own language. He can. Better than any Frenchman, he can. Better even than Lloyd George, he can. He is the only French statesman who speaks American rather than English, for it was here, in the years just after the Civil War, that he spent his young manhood, learning our idiom and our accent from an American bride, the while he earned his living as a teacher in a school for young ladies—an employment the memory of which still sends every Frenchman into gales of laughter at the very thought of so rough a boy in such chaste surroundings.

He comes, of course, to speak on what is, if not a burning question, at least one red-hot enough to spit and sizzle when you touch it with a wet finger. He will talk on Franco-American relations. He will add his seasoning (it's ginger, mostly) to the Franco-American soup because he shares a widespread and still spreading notion that those relations are pretty poor. He shares a general impression that into the well-advertised amity between the French and the Americans there has crept since the Armistice a good deal of something that often sounds and looks rather more like animosity. Also he shares the illusion, common among public men, that he can and ought to do something about it by talking.

That illusion is an inheritance from the old régime. It is an idea left lying around the chancelleries of Europe to be picked up and played with from time to time by the latter-day workers in statecraft. It is an effort to translate into the terms of modern life those secret vows of fraternity and mutual defence which used to be pledged be-

hind the curtains by the discarded kings. "You stand by me and I'll stand by you. You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours." Thus spake the kings over their cups. Thus did crowns swear secretly to order out their armies in each other's defence.

In the ex-Kaiser's memoirs, at the point where he is discussing the days when it was uncertain whether Russia would strike hands in secret compact with France or with Germany, he mentions with bated breath the first time when the young Nicholas, then lord of Russia, called him Wilhelm. (As a matter of fact, he called him Guillaume, but Wilhelm got the idea.) And such buddyng between the fat but crowned heads of Europe was, indeed, important, because it could so easily fix the very life-terms of little moujiks and little square-heads born that very day in far-off Russian and Bavarian villages. But the world does move and, among republics, there can be no such insured deliveries in advance. Mr. Harding and M. Poincaré cannot, secretly or openly, in writing or by private understanding, determine what the joint or mutual action of France and America will be in—well, say in 1928, when Poincaré will probably have withdrawn to a château in Lorraine and Mr. Harding, in all likelihood, will be hustling hot items of local interest for the *Marion Star*.

Enter Public Opinion

IT is increasingly realized that, in this much-maligned generation, western nations cannot be moved about like pawns on a chess-board or delivered like vest-pocket delegates in a ward election. It is too well understood that behind all such movement there is a vague, shapeless, difficult force called public opinion which must be taken into account. So, in our day, behold great effort lavished on attempts to steer and propel this force—now this way, now that—about as easy a task, incidentally, as altering the course and force of the Gulf Stream. Such effort is called propaganda. It is as a propagandist that Georges Clemenceau, at four-score years, is packing up his bag to come to America.

Ever since 1914, the propagandists have busied themselves especially with the question of Franco-American relations. They get up every morning and anxiously feel the pulse of that mythical fellow, the Average American. "Great heavens!" they can be heard muttering to themselves. "He isn't so fond of France as he was two days ago." And straightway they order two extra mimeographs to turn out more propaganda. It is a game played by the great and the near-great, by itching international publicists and by overpaid penny-a-liners, by bewhiskered

statesmen and by benevolent society women.

Miss Anne Morgan notes a waning interest in the devastated area, where she has toiled and of which she has sung the needs for eight long years. So she arranges to ship a load of American girls overseas that each may see the crumbled homes with her own eyes and come home to talk about it in a thousand American towns and villages. Propaganda.

Secretary Hughes, battling with the nervous French detachment at the Limitation of Armaments Conference, feels his style a little cramped by the great store of admiration for France accumulated here during the war. "Perhaps," you can imagine his saying to himself, "there was a little too much of that comrade-in-arms stuff pulled here in those days." At all events, it is a good guess (if no more than that) that the Cabinet felt it might restore the balance a bit if the country were made aware of all the rowing that had gone on behind the scenes between Foch and Pershing. And another good guess that this inside information was fed to George Patullo and *The Saturday Evening Post* with the idea that it should thus infiltrate two million American homes. At all events, suddenly and apropos of nothing, out came a tale which would have landed Brother Patullo in Leavenworth had he written it during the war. Propaganda!

Now most of the alarm which begets such propaganda—the kind Mr. Hearst has done, the kind the wood-chopper of Doorn is doing, the kind Clemenceau wants to do—is a false alarm. It is false because it is based on several ideas which are really illusions.

One illusion is that the average American thinks about France at all. Yet, if you were to stand on a State Street corner in Chicago and ask a hundred passing citizens for their ideas about France, you would find that at least ninety-nine of them had not given her a thought in six months. They would be about as ready with a reply, based on a body of opinion, as if you were to ask them what they thought about Georgia.

Another illusion is that this matters—or that it is a state of affairs over which the friends of France should wring their hands or at least write a letter to the papers. But it doesn't matter. So long as the real interests of France and America are intertwined, they ought to and will be good neighbors in the world—and no longer. Since that is true, a good deal of this ardent fretting about the exact temperature of Franco-American relations seems a little futile.

Consider this. In 1913, such Franco-American opinion as existed in this

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The First (and Only) Gas Regiment of the A. E. F. More Than Paid Back the Boche for the Tornado He Loosed at Ypres

Gassing the Gassers

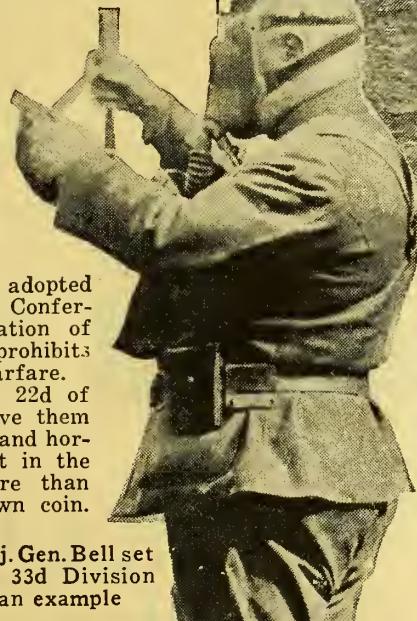
By William E. Moore

Formerly Captain, S. C., Historical Branch,
G.H.Q., A.E.F.

IT is more than an even bet that the ex-soldiers of the German army, if given a vote in the matter when their country is restored to good standing in the fellowship of nations, will subscribe to the Hughes resolution, adopted at the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, which prohibits the use of gas in warfare.

At Ypres, on the 22d of April, 1915, gas gave them a temporary victory and horrified the world, but in the end Fritz was more than paid back in his own coin. He lived to

curse the scientists and military leaders of Maj. Gen. Bell set the 33d Division an example



© Underwood and Underwood.

Gas-mask drill at an American cantonment

against their enemies. They were not. As far back as 673 A.D. the armies of the Byzantine rulers employed sulphurous dioxide in battle to confound their foes. It was generated then from quick lime, petroleum, sulphur and pitch. Whether some disarmament conference of those days decided that gas was too inhuman to be used remains a secret of history. We only know that from the days of the Eastern Empire until the Germans sent their lethal clouds against the Canadians at Ypres it was never employed again.

Because it was a new agent and an element not generally understood gas inspired a fear in all soldiers far out of proportion to its deadliness. Civilians and uninstructed troops thought of gas as an infernal and inhuman weapon, whereas available statistics indicate that it is not nearly so deadly as bullets

and shells. Less than two percent of all the gas casualties in the American Army were fatal, while more than 24 percent caused death in the case of bullets and high explosive shells. German soldiers did not know this, however, in

1918, when they were being made the victims of heavy gas attacks by the Allies.

After Ypres the development of chemical warfare was rapid, so rapid in the Allied armies that it literally may be said to have left the Germans gasping for breath. The pace grew faster after the United States entered the field.

The Americans added several new gases to the chemical arsenal but they never invented anything that caused more discomfort than "skunk gas." That was not its scientific name, but the one given it by the men of the First Gas Regiment, who used it. The First Gas Regiment was the only American Chemical Warfare unit that reached France. Its activities are little known, even to the front-line troops with whom its elements fought, for in those days new tricks in gas were among the "hush, hush" features of the war. The Army talked about the death-dealing concoctions Edison and other wizards were rumored to be preparing but no one except a few scientists had any real information on the subject, and they did not talk.

"Skunk gas" never killed anybody, since it was not a lethal, that is to say, deadly mixture, nor was it intended to be. It was, however, the most unpleasant dose ever dished up by one army for another. Fritz hated it. When it fell in his territory he went away from there. On one occasion preciously preserved in the annals of the First Gas Regiment a little dose of "skunk" gave an American division two weeks respite from shelling.

Splendid soldier though he was, the Boche was exceedingly unimaginative. Anything that happened outside of routine confused and excited him greatly. The First Gas Regiment took particular delight in providing surprises for him. It never carried out two operations exactly alike. The Brit-



U. S. Official.

There were smoke screens by land as well as by sea his country who revived the use of gas as a weapon of war.

The word revived in this connection will be questioned by those who believe the Germans were the first people in the history of the world to use gas

ish had previously given the Boche some bad turns, especially when they sprung the Livens projector on him. It took the German gas experts a year to solve that problem and by the time they had solved it the war was nearly over.

Besides introducing "skunk gas" to the Germans the Yankee gas troops took a hand in the biggest Livens projector attack ever directed against the Germans. It fell to the lot of one battalion of the gas regiment to go into action with the British, March 21, 1918, in the greatest gas bombardment in the world's history. The regiment at that time was only eight months old. It had been organized at Camp American University, Washington, D. C., in August, 1917. Originally called the 30th Engineers, it was popularly known in the United States as the "Hell Fire Regiment." On its arrival in France the name was changed to the First Gas Regiment. Colonel E. J. Atkisson was its commanding officer in the A. E. F.

Company B of the First Battalion was the outfit that participated in the first show. The attack was launched on a two-mile front extending from Lens to Hill 70 near Loos, and held by the Canadians. The British gas troops were from the Special Brigade, Royal Engineers. More than 500 tons of material had to be carried to the front lines in preparation for the offensive

over ground that had been fought across for four years. Hundreds of men were engaged for almost a month in carrying forward the projectors, shells and other material. Since the sector was constantly raked by artillery and machine gun fire the work had to be done by night.

It was a tough job. The nature of the work was graphically described by a Yankee buck, who said in a moment of disgust: "This is a job for grave diggers, hod carriers and piano movers, instead of chemists, pipe fitters and mechanics."

When the Germans turned loose their first gas offensive at Ypres they employed cylinders about the size of ordinary oxygen tanks. These were placed on the parapet and uncorked when the wind was blowing in the Allies' direction. But in March, 1918,

the technique of gas warfare had progressed far beyond such simple devices. Captain Livens of the British Army invented the projector which took his name in 1916. With that projector eight-inch drums containing thirty pounds of liquefied gas were hurled into the enemy trenches by high explosives, electrically fired. Upon landing among the enemy the drums, or bombs, were exploded by a timing device.

The Germans were a long time solving the mystery of the Livens projector. German pamphlets captured by the British contained the statement that the gas bombs were propelled through the air by a winged apparatus which flew off before the bombs alighted, and vanished no one knew where. However, when a complete British installation was captured before Cambrai in the fall of 1917, the mystery was dispelled and the Germans began to copy and even to improve upon the Englishman's invention.

For the combined Anglo-American attack of March 21st a position was selected just back of the outposts and directly opposite thickly-held sectors of the enemy trenches. Each night for three weeks, as soon as darkness fell, the material was pushed forward by trench light railways and hand trucks. From the trenches it was carried over the top by hand. Batteries of projectors were established in shallow trenches dug in the chalky soil.

(Continued on page 26)

A battery of Livens gas projectors being tried out at Chaumont



The Legion Becomes Part of a Tradition of Healing

"Some Outfit"—the Dying Words of Private MacDonald—Express Only Partly How One Post and Two Famous Physicians Are Serving Suffering Ex-Service Men

By Carl Helm

HERE is the background of my story—a darkened sick-room and a weary sufferer who is losing his battle with death. A good old doctor of the town sits gravely at the bedside. Quietly sobbing is the tired little wife, torn with grief and tortured with apprehension. The old physician finally says, "Perhaps if we could have got him to the Mayo brothers—" Then there is the heartbroken tomorrow, and years on years of them.

I have seen that, and I have heard of it. As far back as I can remember there has been the tradition of the great healers who would bless the poor man with health and charge it up to

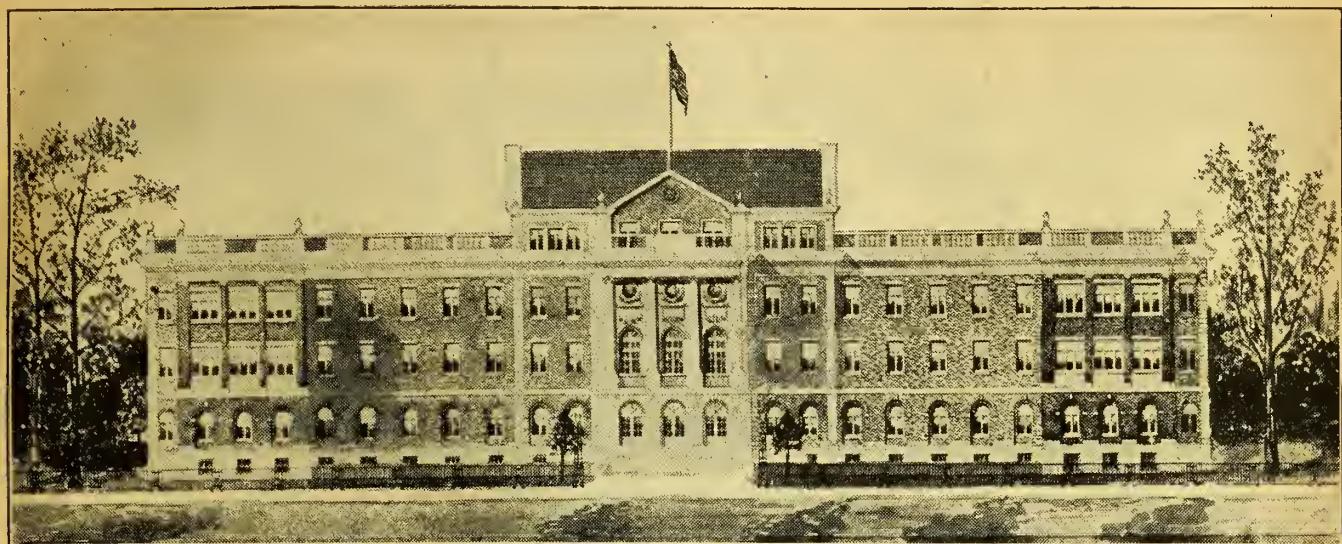
the rich man who could purchase with gold a renovated body.

But to bring the central figures of this tradition into the foreground is next to impossible. I tried it. I had heard that The American Legion planned to build a hospital at Rochester, a hospital that would lighten the background of my first paragraph—would lighten it at least for ex-service men. I had heard that the Legion, with the aid of the Mayo brothers, would put up a splendid building in which veterans could get the treatment they needed. The Legion would furnish the building, the Mayos would furnish the treatment.

What I heard was correct, and I soon

learned that it was correct. But when I went to Rochester, Minnesota, to focus on the Mayos themselves, I ran smack into Ethics. Ethics, for surgeons and physicians, seems to be a deadly, enemy of publicity, even the kind of publicity I hoped to give. Anything that might be published about the Mayo brothers would be considered, it was feared, a bid for advertising. The hospital? Yes. The Mayo brothers? No.

So I found out about the hospital. And that I found out about the Mayo brothers is still a wonder. Because I found out about them last, and with most difficulty, let me tell first about them and about Rochester.



Architect's drawing of the proposed American Legion Memorial Hospital at Rochester, Minnesota, where ex-service men will have the benefit of the Mayo brothers' clinics. More than \$70,000 has been raised toward its establishment

Here are the facts about the Mayo tradition, as nearly as I could learn them. Anyone coming to Rochester with something the matter with him, something that needs attention to save his life, goes to the clinic. He there registers and tells his ailment. If he doesn't know what it is he is sent to a general examination department where competent authorities find out for him. If an operation or treatment is needed, he is operated on or treated. If money is mentioned at all, I understand, it is mentioned quite incidentally and then only after the sufferer has obtained the relief sought. The Mayo clinic has ways of learning how much money a patient can afford to spend for treatment. If he hasn't a cent, he doesn't pay a cent. If he can afford to pay a little, he pays that little, and if he can afford to pay a lot, he pays a lot.

That is for the operation and treatment only, and that is where the Mayos come in. They and their staff do their operating in the ten hospitals in Rochester; the clinic itself is solely for examinations. The clinic has no control over the hospitals, hotels and rooming houses which form the necessary adjuncts to the clinic except the dictation of their medical policies. So a patient's hospital bill, or his board and room bill, his railroad fare and all the other factors incidental to his operation, must be taken care of by the patient, and here money enters in.

This policy had been in effect for years before the World War, sufferers getting to Rochester the best way they could for a final try for health, being blessed in many cases with free or almost free treatment and making what arrangements they could to pay for hospital and lodging services and getting back home again. But the war caused an unprecedented influx of pilgrims seeking health. There were civilians requiring attention as before, except that there were more of them, and still more of them with limited funds or none at all, due to the hard times. And then there were sick and wounded ex-service men in increasing numbers, with great faith in what the Mayos could and would do for their

shattered bodies, and with great doubt as to what the Government could and would do for them.

Among the early arrivals was a simple mountain boy of Kentucky to whom can be traced the first germ of the idea of the proposed American Legion Memorial Hospital. His name was MacDonald. He had fought for his country, and now, three months after that grateful country had given him his tin hat and gas mask and \$60, he was suffering from cancer of the stomach. The doctors down home told him he had about two months to live. Private MacDonald mortgaged his little home in the Kentucky hills and with \$3,000 and his wife and baby arrived in Rochester for the last chance.

William T. McCoy Post, American Legion, had just been formed. Its members, back from the democratic Army and Navy into the quiet streets of their town, were wondering how they could best continue to serve their country and their comrades. They took charge of Private and Mrs. and Baby MacDonald, the pilgrims, and took them to the Mayo clinic. The examining doctor there said that the Kentucky boy's ailment was a year and a half old. MacDonald said he had applied to the Government for disability in line of duty, but that he never had heard from his application.

The post took the examining physician's medical evidence and submitted it to the proper government agency and obtained for MacDonald a rating of total permanent disability from the date of his discharge. It also got for him a Federal allowance of \$20 a month to pay for an attendant, and that went to the patient little wife. It also reinstated his insurance and arranged for its payment in a lump sum.

MacDonald's rating arrived on a Sunday morning. At ten o'clock on the following Wednesday morning Private MacDonald faced his Maker. He said something, though, just before he went across, something that will live forever in the minds of the members of the Legion post in Rochester. His dying words were: "By God, that Legion's some outfit!"

William T. McCoy Post then and there saw its duty and set out systematically to do it. It had a reputation to maintain, and it has maintained it.

Its next step was to interview Doctor Will, elder of the two Mayo brothers, who was in service as chief adviser to the Surgeon General of the Army. Doctor Will sat quietly, looking out of a window, during this interview. At the close of it he said, among other things: "Tell the boys that anything and everything we have is at their disposal."

Now for what the Mayos and the post are now doing. Ex-service men are given priority at the clinic in examination and treatment. At no time are they asked how much money they have, if any. There is no passing of the buck. The first Legion man that a pilgrim seeking health encounters after he detrains in Rochester takes him direct to the clinic.

The Legion maintains contact with every ex-service man that comes to Rochester. Many of them come around to the Legion headquarters (there is a paid adjutant there all the time, doing halftime supposedly but working full time). But if they don't a welfare worker, at the clinic where all patients must register informs the post the minute an ex-service man needing help arrives for treatment. The post immediately establishes connection.

Maybe that sounds easy, but during June of 1922, 199 ex-service men presented themselves for relief from disabilities. They were from 28 States.

I said that the Mayo tradition is widespread. These figures are to impress you, only, that the proposed Legion memorial hospital at Rochester would inevitably be a national institution of service. The work that it would do would multiply the work which has been done by William T. McCoy Post since Private MacDonald made his deathbed statement.

During 1921 this post took care of 3,210 disabled ex-service men from all over this country. During this time it spent between \$15,000 and \$16,000 from its own treasury.

(Continued on page 22)

EDITORIAL



For Auld Lang Syne

WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN, ESQ., of Doorn, Holland, late of Potsdam Palace, Germany, is marrying again, and we venture to predict that among the wedding gifts may perhaps be found the following appropriate reminders from old acquaintances:

One menu card (dinner), Café de Paris, dated Christmas Day, 1914.

One scrap of paper bearing a Belgian postmark.

One telegram of congratulation from Gott.

One copy of "How to Choose and Get a Better Job."

One head of Liberty cabbage.

Moons and Mid-Watches

A FORMER gob with a sentimental streak recently sent a letter to this magazine dwelling at length on the moon, the fleecy clouds, the starry phosphorescence and other natural phenomena observable from the taff-rail. The letter was duly published in "The Voice of the Legion" as an expression of pleasing views worthy of general circulation. Seldom has a gentle poet-soul evoked a more remarkable hurricane of criticism. Other ex-gobs, more practically minded, have written in to dispel in the ex-army brain the possible supposition that wartime navy days were one long, soft swell of romance. "Get this," writes the latest protagonist of a hard-boiled ocean. "We carried 890 mines filled with the deadliest explosive known—300 pounds of T. N. T. 300 x 890—enough explosives?"

Yes, decidedly enough for all practical purposes, but is it enough to destroy all the poetry of the sea? Is it enough to blow out of the heavens that moon of which Sir Philip Sidney wrote: "With what sad steps . . . thou climb'st the skies, how silently, and with how wan a face"? Yet the sentimental Sir Philip died of his wounds on the field of battle, and his last act was to pass his canteen on to a brother soldier with "Take it, thy need is greater than mine." Alan Seeger, America's own soldier poet, could write home of the beauties of the stars in the full glory of that darkness so essential to movement at the front and still die a soldier's death in the wastes of Santerre.

The rain falls alike on the just and the unjust. Even so the moonbeam. And if it finds the just toiling in their country's service, be it in a lonely outpost in No Man's Land or in a spray-swept bow in the heart of the submarine zone, no harm is done if the solitary watcher in either station finds in the moon's face something "for to admire and for to see."

Colonel James A. Moss

COLONEL JAMES A. MOSS, author of Moss's many manuals on soldiering made easy, has retired from the Army after thirty-two years of useful and noteworthy service. Perhaps no American military commander since the days of Grant has, by self-initiated individual effort, influenced the courses and conduct of as many United States soldiers as has Colonel Moss by his voluminous writings.

In the old Army and in the National Guard before the war the private, the non-com, the junior officer anxious to acquit himself well and ambitious to attain a higher rung on the military ladder, addressed his

attentions to the proper Moss's manual. They were the standard texts of instruction. They were the McGuffey's Readers of the service.

When the war came on the circulation of these manuals leaped to the hundreds of thousands. At officers' training camps, at National Army cantonments, everywhere soldiers gathered, men pored over Moss's blue-bound manuals. Kindred books appeared by the score, but what Moss's manual said, with a decade of tradition behind it, was the last word. They were excellent, practical, clear and thorough works. They were a helpful factor to the creation of our forces.

Moss was sound and he was an innovator. The details of his manuals may be out of date by the next war, but the spirit will not be, nor will some of his changes in army administration. Among other things he instituted a new form of pay-roll which reduced the working hours of the first sergeant in this matter from thirty-six to three a month. When approached, the Franc Terror discussed the retirement of Colonel Moss freely and in a vein that leaves no doubt as to the high regard of buck privates generally for the attainments of this scholarly officer, except in this one particular of the pay-roll. The Terror found himself unable to lend his endorsement to any device that insured a first sergeant too much time on his hands away from the orderly room.

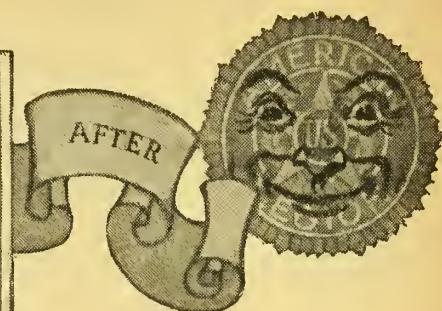
New Light on the Flapper Evil

THE flapper, says Booth Tarkington (who lives on Pennsylvania avenue, Indianapolis, a few blocks from our National Headquarters)—the flapper, says Neighbor Tarkington, is more sinned against than sinning. She has brought a lot of joy and a lot of the spirit of youth into this aging world, and this more than compensates for the contradictory tendency to grow wise and worldly in advance of her years, which is what some of her detractors say.

These views bear on the moral and not the material aspect of the issue, however. A journal of the women's garment trade takes up the cudgels against the flapper and calls her disastrously fickle, raising a question to which the comforting words of Tarkington afford no answer. Great is the devastation, the havoc, the fiduciary ruin which the changeable flapper has left in her piquant wake; and this addition to and over and above any moral derelictions, with which this commentator is not concerned.

With complete abruptness the flapper burst upon us a year ago with a demand for a felt hat on her bobbed hair, a mannish sweater, a scarf, a "loose-weave tweed" skirt "fringed about the hem," heather stockings, low-heeled brogues upon her twinkling toes. This strange garb she required, and took the trade by surprise. The trade fell to and supplied these things—but parsimoniously. It was a fortunate flapper whose uniform was in every detail in accord with regulation. The items simply were not to be had. But the trade was industrious and resourceful. It looked a year ahead. It ordered the manufacture of felt hats, mannish sweaters, loose-weave skirts with fringed hem, heather socks (oh, pardon!) stockings as if buying for an army. Mills hummed to have these particulars in readiness for the flapper's fall wardrobe.

But the trade reckoned not with the flapper's high prerogative of changing her mind. She has changed, over the summer, not only her mind but her sartorial plans for the winter. Felt hats, etc., are as passé as last year's slang. She presents new demands—we shall not go into these details. Merchants and manufacturers find themselves with fortunes tied up in last year's flapper stocks, with no buyers. The stuff is as obsolete and unsalable as corsets and bustles. The wolves of insolvency howl outside the doors, firms are going bust and the vicious flapper is to blame. What is this generation coming to, anyway?



PRIMITIVE man was converted to Christianity because of symbols. He conceived of God in terms of the Sun, the Moon, or the wild beasts of the forest. They represented the concrete object of his adoration.

What has this to do with Legion ceremonials? Merely that you, a Legionnaire, have the same primitive instincts which must be cultivated before you are converted to the gospel of The American Legion. You must quit thinking of the Legion as some visionary, abstract thing to be looked upon from afar. Rather the Legion's ideals must be brought home to you and the seriousness of the preamble must become a part of your daily life. In other words, you need the Legion ceremonials rather than roughneck, roughhouse post meetings—to become serious and dignified, at least on post meeting nights.

Wait a minute! Before you look for the G-I can, think this over! When you left the service, you were proud of your military bearing and your precise way of doing things. Immediately after you discarded the uni, you went to the other extreme—quit doing setting up exercises; quit policing up for inspection; in fact, you almost forgot you ever were in the service. And this attitude of mind followed you into post meetings, where you kept your hat on, where you spit on the floor, where everyone talked at once, and no one had much respect for anyone else. You were out of the army, and this is the way you had of demonstrating that the war was over, so far as you were concerned.

If you are not guilty of these things, then you belong to a post that has been converted into a real, No. 1-in-the-first-squad organization. But if you are guilty, then stick on a little while longer and get this solution. It might work in your post.

Brush the dust off the Legion Manual of Ceremonies which was sent to your post, and which you very likely dismissed as "more bunk from headquarters." Get two or three officers of your post sold on the idea of having the manual of ceremonies observed, just to try it out. Study the lines so you can do your stuff without having to stammer it out, and announce a free feed, or something equally attractive. One Legionnaire conceived the idea of blowing assembly on the bugle, and

less than its recognized comradeship.

One post has improvised the manual rather effectively in my opinion. The candidate is brought blindfolded to a small flight of steps. As he mounts the first step, a lecture on Justice is given. Freedom is emphasized on the next step upward. Then Democracy is impressed on the Legionnaire's mind. Loyalty is next considered with all the seriousness that should go with the subject. But the next step is missing and the candidate falls into a waiting army blanket. When he is borne to the floor, he is urged to make no false steps in ascending to the heights of The American Legion. He is told that if he falls in the discharge of his obligations to the Legion, that his comrades will be waiting to protect him from harm.

This improvised part of the manual is a step farther than the official manual, but it is effective. It adds a new thrill to the Legionnaire's experience, and it impresses him as mere words will not. It is a graphic, breathing lesson that makes the veteran appreciate his comrades more than all the chaplain sermons and Y. M. C. A. lectures served out to the rookies all during the war.

Listen to the experience of F. B. Adams, Commander of Harry A. Fuller Post, of Garnett, Kansas.

"We have a post of 125 members, and used to have from six to twelve members at meetings, usually the same ones. The post was as near dead as it could be without a funeral service, and the officers were

ready to resign. Then we hunted up the Legion ritual for meetings, and decided to have one more meeting according to the ritual from start to finish. The members voted that if it was successful, they would continue.

"There was a place in the ritual that included an initiation, and they decided they would see how that went, and we ran a candidate down, appointed an initiation committee to prepare something to go with the ritual. We put on the work, and had from sixty to seventy-five members in the room. The initiation went over so big the members are now looking for candidates to put through. The initiation was followed by a Dutch lunch, comprising hot dog sandwiches and liquid refreshments, served mess style.

(Continued on page 24)

A Pleasant Tonic for the Post to Take

Is Your Outfit Down in the Dumps? Try the Legion's Symbolic Ceremonials—a Convenient Cure for Torpid Meetings

By Claude A. Brown
Adjutant, Department of Arkansas,
The American Legion

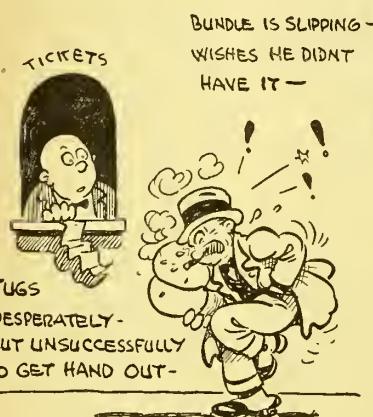
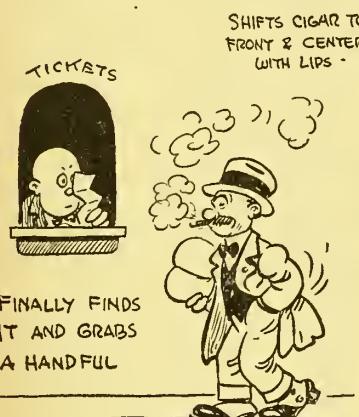
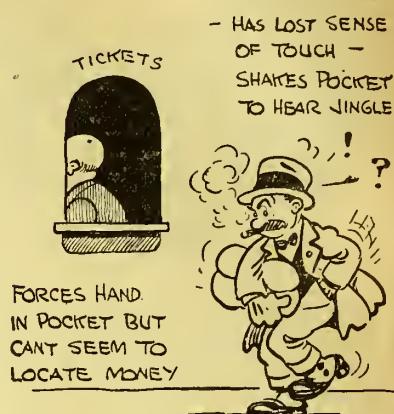
strange to say, forty Legionnaires who hadn't been to a meeting for months came out of curiosity, and now attend regularly.

The candidate naturally regrets he did not have his trousers reinforced with shingles when he is blindfolded and led into a room filled with his comrades, whom he imagines are impatient to apply the paddle. But when the lessons of Americanism, Justice, Freedom and Democracy are firmly implanted, and there is no roughhouse, the candidate retains the impression for years. He catches a new conception of The American Legion—its seriousness no

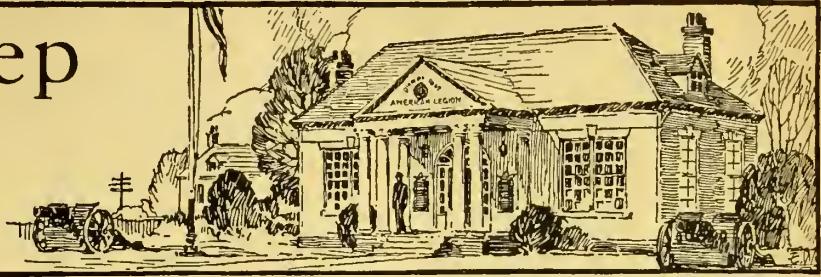
Excuse My Glove

By Wallgren

MUSIC OF A MAN TRYING TO GET MONEY OUT OF HIS POCKET WITH HIS GLOVES ON - CARRYING A BUNDLE & SMOKING A CIGAR



Keeping Step With the Legion



Bringing Them Back

A YEAR ago this time The American Legion was big. Right now it's big. But on January 1st of this year it was a darned small Legion—if you figure on the basis of paid-up department and national taxes. There's no use kidding ourselves, we got off to a poor start, largely because we did not go at the old members soon enough. Mostly they wanted to pay up their obligations to the Legion—wanted to the worst way—but the fact remains that a lot of them did not, so that they became Legionnaires in bad standing on the first of the year.

What's going on this year that will make things any different? A number of things. The first thing was what went on last year. Posts then learned the absolute necessity of going after dues early and forcefully. This year, our mail every day shows that posts plan no easy-going methods in their November and December campaigns. If we've heard from one we've heard from a hundred outfits that say they already have started billing this year's paid-up members for next year's dues. Many posts announce that they are planning to penalize the fellows who hold off paying until after the first of the year.

Here's a letter we got the other day from one Legionnaire—a member of one of the admen's posts—which gives a scheme that may be adopted in his outfit to bring in new members:

There are very few successful clubs or fraternal organizations that do not require initiation fees in addition to their annual dues. I believe that one difficulty in the Legion relative to keeping its membership in good standing by the prompt payment of the annual dues is the fact that many posts have no initiation fee, and that no penalty is attached to a man dropping his membership one year and coming back the next. If it cost him \$5 or \$10 for initiation under such circumstances to come back after he had once let his membership lapse he would realize that it was cheaper for him to stay in than to drop out, and in my opinion this would help the posts materially in keeping their members in good standing and collecting their dues.

I think the effect of an announcement of this nature, or perhaps a recommendation of this nature by the National Convention (our correspondent wrote before New Orleans), effective January 1st, 1924, would be greatly to stimulate and keep membership during next year.

In the post of which I am a member the dues are now \$5 a year. The proposition is to be put up at the next post meeting to charge, beginning January 1st, 1923, an initiation fee of \$10. A concentrated drive is to be made between now and January

1st to secure the payment of dues from all present members and have them all in good standing on the first of the year; also to secure as many new members as possible, showing them the financial advantage of joining at present, due to the fact that if they join before January 1st they will not have to pay the initiation fee. Otherwise it will cost them \$10.

The proposal is made to keep the initiation fees in a separate fund, the income of which may be used by direction of the executive committee to pay in advance the national and state dues of such members as may be delinquent at the first of the year and desire a little time to pay.

This is one view of the hardest problem of organization the average post has to face during a year. We can see that the scheme of charging initiation fees for new members and for charging it also to old members who delay paying would have a salutary effect on a lot of the fellows.

We were particularly interested in this post's plan to get back all its old members before the first of the year—something that is part of the plan, we suppose, of nearly every post, regardless of the initiation-fee question. So we asked the post adjutant all about it. He told us. Then we asked a few more post adjutants how they planned to collect last year's dues before the first of the year. Most of them told us.

We will not attempt to quote from the letter of any one adjutant; we have written a sort of composite letter, embracing some of the points in nearly every letter we got, and we offer our own attempt for your consideration:

It is all a question of notifying the members that their dues must be paid before January 1st if they want to be of the greatest service to the post, and want the post to go on being of service to them. You can notify them in only one way—by advertising. You can advertise in many ways—in the newspapers, on public bulletin boards, by circulars and circular letters, by word of mouth and by the force of example. The way that first suggests itself is to advertise by the circular letter, although advertising in a post meeting naturally takes place before any letters are sent out. One of the best ways of taking advantage of the post-meeting opportunities is to make at least one post meeting in October, November or December a special super-production. Put on some stunt that will make every last member want to attend. Get a speaker the gang cannot afford not to hear, get out a special feed—do something that will bring the crowd out one hundred percent strong. Then, besides giving them their special entertainment, tell them that dues will all be due again on the first of the year, and that it's up to them to pay.

Opportunities for advertising in the newspapers are many. In the smaller cities, newspapers often will be glad to print calls for dues in their news columns. Any newspaper will be glad to print a paid advertisement on dues.

Circular letters always have been and very likely will be the backbone of a collection campaign. They cost money, but they are worth it, most people tell us. The letter has to be written in a catchy style and carefully worded, but most any post has at least one member who ought to be pretty good at just such things as this. The circular-letter idea, by the way, is practiced to a tremendous extent by big business houses with something to sell.

Advertising on bulletin boards can be done only at considerable cost, and may be found objectionable if you don't want to let the general public too closely in on your business.

Advertising by word of mouth means hard work for the men who are always doing that kind of work. It means trips to see delinquents. It means that you must prepare lists of men to see, so there will be no confusion or duplication. But generally that's the only way to handle the hardened cases.

And let us put in a final good word about advertising by force of example. That means a lot to the average fellow—to see somebody else go up and pay his dues well in season like a little man. It's like starting a run on the bank.

Legion Calendar

Armistice Day

November 11th—will you ever forget it? One holiday every Legionnaire knows how to celebrate.

Thanksgiving

The last Thursday of November. The Legion can help make it a real Thanksgiving for thousands of disabled veterans—and will.

Christmas

Is coming, too. December 25th also means a lot to a hospitalized veteran if there is a Legion post near his hospital.

Dues

Department and national per capita taxes are payable by all posts on January 1st. The post's ability to meet its obligations promptly may rest on your paying your dues. All members should get square with their finance officer or adjutant early.

BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for this department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope.

That's Different

"Why in the sacred name of John Burroughs are you putting those dod-busted, ding-blasted things there?" roared the enraged lieutenant as he came into the officers' mess hall and discovered the company dog robber placing a canteen cup full of flowers on the table. "Think this is a dog-gone female seminary? Know there's a war going on? Think we're a bunch of boarding-school girls, you iron-headed idiot? Who told you to put those there?"

"The captain, sir."

"Pretty, aren't they?"

A Wise Son

"What's that queer noise upstairs?"

"That's father singing the baby to sleep."

"No, no—I mean that queer, regular wheezing sound?"

"That? Oh, that's the baby pretending to snore."

Infallible

There's a little town down in Alabama where the entire population is black. Negroes run the town government and the schools and even have an unofficial court where cases are tried. It happens that nobody in the court can read, but they don't need to, for Sam, the clerk, always remembers everything. Concerning Sam the colored folks tell a story.

One day the devil came to town and announced: "I've come for Sam. Sam's time is up and I'm going to take him."

In great distress the judge answered: "Mr. Debbil, yo' can't have Sam. We needs Sam. Sam don' never fo'get nothin'!"

"You mean to tell me," repeated the devil, "that Sam never forgets?"

"No, Mr. Debbil, never fo'gets nothin'."

So the devil, being a sporting gentleman, made the judge the proposition that Sam could stay for the time, but that if the devil ever caught Sam in a lapse of memory he should have him. Then he went out to see Sam.

"Sam," he asked, "do you like eggs?"

"Yas, Mr. Debbil," replied Sam, "Ah does."

The devil disappeared and for ten years was not seen. Then he suddenly popped out of the ground one day.

"Sam," said he. "How?"

"Fried," said Sam.

The Hold-Out

Bobby had been given two nickels with the instruction to drop them into the collection plate. When the family emerged from church, his mother noticed that he still had one in his hand.

"Why, Bobby," she exclaimed, "you are withholding part of your contribution to God."

"I know it," replied Bobby in a determined voice. "I'm waiting to see what He intends to do about that pony I asked for."

Pater Unfamilias

Jackie (aged five): "See that man coming to our house? That's our new papa. He's awfully nice."

Nickie (aged seven): "Huh—wait till you've known him a while and you'll find out. We used to have him."

Unique

General Cornelius Vanderbilt, at a dinner on his yacht *Romola*, told a war story,



Mrs. Casey: "Have yez a good man?"

Mrs. Murphy: "Faith, yis. Ivry toime that he's sent to jail he gets one month off for good behavior."

according to the *Argonaut*. "What was true of the Civil War will be true of the World War some day," he began. "In a hotel smoking-room back in the '90's a number of veterans got into a dispute over a certain battle. The veterans—all men of high rank—argued very turbulently. But a quiet man spoke up and said: 'Gentlemen, I happened to be there at that engagement, and I think I can settle the point at issue.' And settle it he did. The hotel proprietor, much impressed, said to him when he got through: 'My dear sir, what may have been your rank in the army?' 'I was a private, sir, a full private,' was the calm reply. A short time afterward the full private asked for his bill, as he was about to depart, but the proprietor said to him: 'Not a penny, sir! Not a penny! You owe me nothing.' 'Why, how is that?' the other demanded in bewilderment. 'I couldn't dream of charging you, sir,' said the proprietor warmly. 'You are the first private I have ever met.'

Wise Willie

Mother: "Willie, what do you mean by letting your brother peel the potatoes when I told you to do it?"

Willie: "Well, it's his fault, Ma. He wanted to play soldier, so I did. I'm the top and he's on K. P."

Slight Handicap

"My ole woman ain't much of a hand to gossip," confided Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "A-course though, she might be if our nearest neighbors wasn't twelve mile away."

All in a Lifetime

Old Lady: "Did you ever do a single day's work in your life?"

Old Hobo: "Jest about, leddy."

Lost Completely

An urchin was whimpering on a street corner when he was addressed by one of those kindly old gentlemen who are always bobbing up:

"What's the matter son?"

"I'm lost."

"Lost? Nonsense. You mustn't give up hope so quickly. Where do you live?"

"I don't know. We've just moved and I can't remember the new address."

"What's your name, then?"

"I don't know."

"What? Don't know your own name?"

"No," sobbed the youngster. "Mother got married again this morning."

Distraction

"What's the big idea of having a picture of your stenographer on your stationery?"

"To counteract the effect of her spelling and punctuation."

Fourteen to the Pound

"There's the lightweight champion of our village," remarked the talkative native to a newcomer.

"Pugilist, eh?"

"Nope—the village butcher."

Woof! Woof!

Sam, propelled as if by a Big Bertha, suddenly shot out of the woods in a hilly section of Kentucky and landed at the feet of a pedestrian making his way along the road.

"Thought Ah see'd a bear, suh," he explained apologetically.

"You needn't be afraid of bears, Sam. Bears are extinct around here."

"Yassuh, yassuh. But bears is plumb iggerant animiles and supposin' Ah meets up quick-like with a bear what doesn't know he's extin'—nen what?"

The Sore Point

Purdy, the negro janitor, showed up at the office one morning very much out of humor. The boss decided to find out what the trouble was.

"Purdy, what's the matter?" he asked.

"You act as if you'd lost your best friend."

"Nossuh, not jes' zackly dat," the aggrieved janitor replied. "Ain't los' no frien'. Ah's jes' 'sulted."

"Insulted? And who insulted you?"

"Dat no 'count black trash Dawson—he's de boy dat 'sulted me. Yassuh. Done called me a liah, dat's what Dawson done."

"Dawson called you a liar! That's pretty bad! And are you?"

"Boss," exclaimed Purdy, "dat's jes' it! Dat's jes' it!"

Must Be Lenient

Freddy and Paul were much put out because Marjorie could not play their strenuous games adequately.

"Girls are no account anyway," exclaimed Paul in disgust. "I never saw such a bunch."

"Oh, I don't know," Freddy countered gallantly. "Girls must be good for something."

"Well, I don't know what it is then," Paul insisted. "If they're good for anything I never heard of it. And anyway, why should you stick up for them?"

"Well," replied the chivalrous Freddy, "we ought to go easy on them. Half of our parents are women."

Epitaphs

Here lies two men, who we agree
Have won the cut-glass bonnet.
The first of them blew out the gas,
The other stepped upon it.

* * * * *

Here lies an early riser,
Who nevermore will squirm.
He thought he was the early bird;
Fact was, he was the worm.

Lord Save 'Em

"Goldfish Grows Like Whale When Given Free Rein."—Heading in Des Moines Register.

Must be getting ready for another war.

EX-SERVICE INFORMATION

Post Office Jobs for Veterans

Civil-service laws give exceptional preference to service men over civilian applicants. A large proportion of the 15,000 persons appointed post office clerks and carriers last year were men who had served in the World War. The proportion of service men obtaining these appointments is growing larger each year. To acquaint Legionnaires with the opportunities existing in the Post Office Department, The American Legion Weekly asked the Postmaster General to describe the classes of positions available, salaries paid and preferences accorded veterans. His reply is published below. Detailed information concerning existing vacancies and civil service examinations may be obtained at any post office.

THERE are at present 55,780 regular clerks in post offices of the first and second class and 39,477 city letter carriers in the service. These positions are under the classified civil service and in order to become eligible for appointment it is necessary to pass a civil service examination. However, applicants who pass the examination and receive high enough averages to be selected from the eligible list must first serve as substitute clerks or city carriers, and are advanced as vacancies occur in the regular forces in the order of their standing on the substitute lists. The entrance salary is \$1,400 per annum, with automatic promotions of \$100 per annum for each year of satisfactory service until the employee reaches the \$1,800 grade. Special clerkships paying \$1,900 and \$2,000 are filled by promotion from the \$1,800 grades upon the rating of the clerk.

During the current fiscal year there were 7,464 persons appointed to fill vacancies occurring in the clerical force from time to time or to fill additional positions allowed by the Department on account of the increase in business at the several post offices. There were also appointed during the current fiscal year about 2,500 city letter carriers to fill vacancies and additional positions authorized by the Department.

Ex-service men in these examinations are of course given preference in so far as their standing on the eligible register is concerned; that is, they are only required to make an average of 65 to pass the examination and they are put at the head of the list in the order of their rating as ex-service men ahead of all civilians who might take the examination. If they are selected from the eligible register as substitutes they must take their turn for regular appointment in accordance with their standing on the substitute list, their standing as ex-service men not affecting their standing on the substitute list.

Railway postal clerks are of six different grades. The salary for grade one is \$1600 per annum; grade two, \$1700; grade three, \$1850; grade four, \$2000; grade five, \$2150; and grade six, \$2300. In addition to these salaries road clerks under certain conditions receive not exceeding two dollars per day travel allowance. Clerks are given automatic promotions one grade each year for satisfactory service in the next lower grade until they reach the highest grade of their assignments, the lowest assignment being grade three. New appointees enter the service as substitutes and are paid at the rate of grade one for services actually performed during the first year, which constitutes their probationary term, and at grade two thereafter or until given permanent positions. Substitutes receive travel allowance the same as regular clerks and in addition thereto an expense allowance of not exceeding two dollars per day when working away from their official headquarters. The pay of officials in the Railway Mail Service ranges from \$2500 to \$4200 per an-

num. Officials are generally promoted from the ranks.

EX-SERVICE persons seeking adjustment of claims or information should apply to their post service officer. If the settlement or the information sought cannot be obtained locally, inquiry should be addressed to National Service Division, National Headquarters, American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

Vacancies in the Railway Mail Service are filled principally by appointment from lists of eligibles furnished by the United States Civil Service Commission. These lists include the names of applicants highest on the eligible register as a result of having satisfactorily passed the railway mail clerk examination—a modified second grade examination. The names of eligibles having military preference are certified ahead of those not having such preference. Applicants having military preference, if physically fit, may be examined without regard to height, weight and age and are required to make an average of only 65 percent to pass the examination, whereas all others must make an average of 70 percent and be at least five feet five inches in height, weigh at least 130 pounds and be between the ages of 18 and 35 years. Eight hundred and fifty-three vacancies were filled last year and no vacancies now exist.

The salary of a rural carrier on a standard daily route of 24 miles which does not require delivery by motor vehicle is \$1800 a year, with an additional \$30 a mile a year for each mile or major fraction thereof in excess of 24 miles. Salaries on routes of shorter length or less frequent service are proportionately lower. The salary of a rural carrier on a route requiring delivery by motor vehicle ranges from \$2450 to \$2600 a year, according to the length of the route.

Preference is given by the Civil Service Commission to honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines, and widows of such, and to the wives of injured soldiers, sailors and marines who themselves are physically disqualified for examinations by reason of injury received while in the mili-

tary service and in the line of military duty, but whose wives are qualified to hold such positions. A person who has been allowed preference by the Commission is released from all age limitations and has to attain an average of only 65 to be eligible, while for all others the percentage required is 70; having attained an average of 65, his name is placed upon the register above and is certified before those of persons who have not been allowed preference.

The Commission will admit to an examination for the position of rural carrier only such persons as are patrons of the office where the vacancy exists.

During the past fiscal year there were 4,124 appointments made to the position of rural carrier, 2,058 of the appointees being soldier preference eligibles. The Department is carrying at present 703 vacancies to which appointments will be made, and new vacancies are constantly occurring.

World War Pensions

FIFTY-EIGHT World War veterans are now drawing pensions from the Government for disabilities. They are men who were discharged from service prior to October 6, 1917, the date of the passage of the War Risk Insurance Act. Persons discharged for disability between April 6, 1917, and October 6, 1917, have an optional right of applying either to the Pension Bureau or the Veterans Bureau.

The Bureau of Pensions, at the request of The American Legion Weekly, gives the following statement with reference to pensioning of World War veterans:

"Where the disability was incurred in a term of service from which a service man was discharged prior to October 6, 1917, the general pension laws apply. In order to receive a pension, he must be disabled in a pensionable degree by reason of wound or injury received, or disease contracted, in the service and in line of duty.

"The rates of pensions vary from \$6 to \$100 a month—the last mentioned rate being granted for the loss of both hands or both feet, or the loss of sight of both eyes. Where a man is totally disabled from causes originating in the service and in line of duty, and he requires constant aid and attendance, the rate is \$72 a month, the lesser rates being either for specific disability, such as the loss of a hand or foot, or having a lesser degree of disability from other injuries or diseases. The pensions granted continue during the life of the beneficiary unless the disability on account of which it was granted ceases, when the pension terminates; or it may be reduced to an amount proper for the degree of disability existing."

Of the fifty-eight World War veterans on the pension rolls, only one is drawing the maximum of \$100 a month. One other man draws \$85 monthly. All but five of the remainder draw \$30 or less.

The pension laws also make provisions for the dependents of deceased men of the class mentioned above. If the death cause of the service man was due to his military service, his widow, minor children or dependent parents are pensionable. In the case of the widow and minor children, the rate is \$12 a month and \$2 additional for each minor child. In the case of dependent parents the rate is \$12 a month.

Men disabled in service along the Mexican Border in 1916, their widows, dependent children or parents, are also pensionable. On June 30, 1922, 155 men were drawing pensions for disabilities incurred on the Mexican Border. Thirty-eight were receiving the minimum of \$6 a month, 26 were drawing \$8 a month, 28 were getting \$12 a month, and 24 were being paid \$17 a month. Two were being paid \$50 a month and only three were getting more than this amount.



World Wide Photos.

Dr. Hugh Scott of Oklahoma City, Okla., newly-appointed assistant executive officer, United States Veterans Bureau. He has been in government employ for fifteen years, and comes to the Veterans Bureau from the Public Health Service

A Cross-Country View of the Legion

By Donald F. Chase

AS I pedaled out of Reno, Nevada, this summer, bound for New York, Boston and way stations, my mind was occupied with thoughts of speeches. I didn't mind the kilometers ahead of me. Twenty-seven thousand miles traveled by bicycle during the past few summers had given me some idea of distances from a cyclist's point of view. It would be hard work, but work that I liked, and work that I had done before. But the speech-making I knew nothing about.

If Darrell-Dunkle Post hadn't given me a lot of ammunition for my first encounter I should probably have developed a flat tire and turned back to think it over. Last winter unemployment presented a serious problem everywhere in the United States. But in Reno, besides the general depression, there was the snow. For five days Reno was snowed in, without a train. Ore trains couldn't be moved and the mines were closed. The lumber industry was shut down. It was a record year for unemployment in Reno, but Darrell-Dunkle Post rose to meet the emergency. Our post found work for all its own members, for every Legion man, for every ex-service man and for 150 others. In addition to this, and a substantial amount of welfare work among disabled

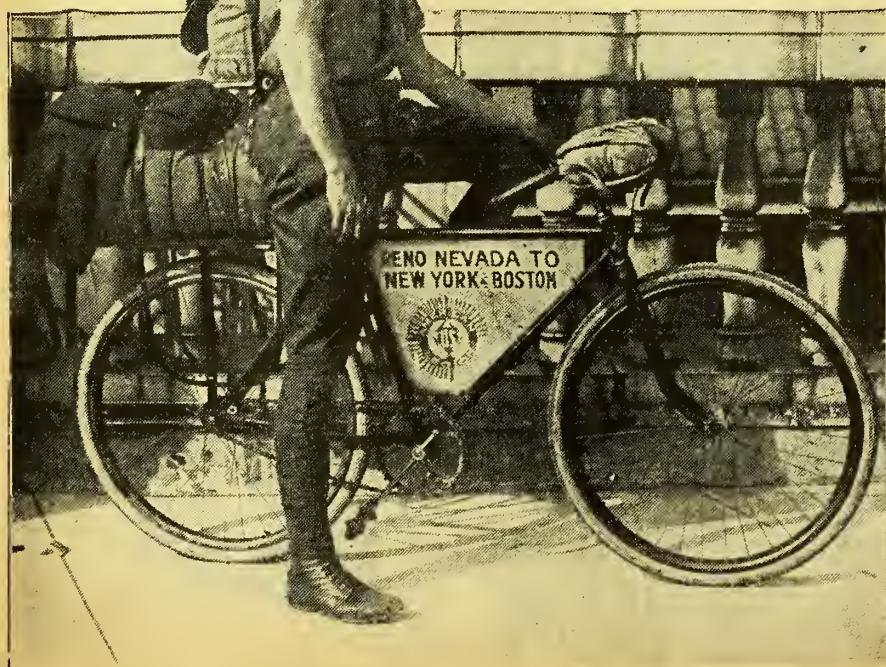
veterans and their families, we had adopted a Boy Scout troop. With the help of our citizens we had raised \$150,000 for a memorial building large enough to house department headquarters, Darrell-Dunkle Post, and five or six of the leading Reno civic and fraternal organizations, a gymnasium and swimming pool in the basement, and two or three stories of business offices on top to take care of the maintenance expense.

But I didn't think for long that Darrell-Dunkle Post was going to make up the most of what I had to say. The very first post I addressed had just been showing the home folks about right and wrong ways of treating the flag. I won't give the name of the place, because I don't want to single out this one town among thousands where well-intentioned people often put the flag to improper uses, not because of unpatriotic intentions, but because of ignorance. One of the citizens corrected by this post had used Old Glory for a shop awning and another had made himself a Stars and Stripes automobile canopy.

David Witbeck Post was on the lips

Donald F. Chase, 21, a Legionnaire, left Reno, Nevada, for New York and Boston, and rode thirty-two days on his bike before he reached his first objective. But he took up a good deal of his time en route telling Legion posts how much good the posts he had left behind had done. He traveled with full equipment, including a pup tent and cooking outfit—a total of eighty pounds

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of the whole community the day I arrived at Vernal, Utah. News had come from Washington that Congress had authorized money for the badly-needed Federal building for which the citizens had long and vainly pleaded. David Witbeck Post had been given credit for finally putting it over.

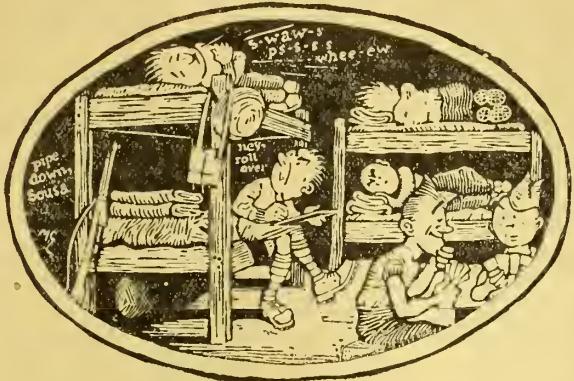
When this Federal building becomes a reality it will be the only building of its kind in the country located in a city not on a railroad. No, Vernal is not on the railroad—150 miles away from the nearest one, in fact. The city, which has fifteen hundred inhabitants, gets everything from shoe laces to building material by parcels post. Yes, literally. Visitors are informed that the brick and mortar that now stands as the First National Bank was shipped in fifty-pound lots by parcels post. And it is likely that the new Federal building will be shipped in in the same manner.

When I arrived in Denver four posts had just completed a consolidation movement. They had decided that one big post works better than several small ones. Here are some of the reasons set forth: One big post can work better with the community. There is not the danger that the minds of citizens will be confused as to what the Legion stands for because of the different characteristics of different posts. There is not the danger of too much being asked from the community by way of money contributions. One big post can accomplish bigger things, they thought.

The day I rolled into St. Louis, Stockholm Post was putting on a big vaudeville entertainment for the city's tuberculous children. It is one of the youngest posts in the city, and with its five hundred members it is comparatively small when ranged up beside Quentin Roosevelt Post, which has approximately two thousand names on its roster. Columbus, Ohio, has so many posts that I spent five days addressing different Legion outfits there.

On the eastern half of my trip I did more footwork than tongue-work, taking it all in all. But I've seen enough of the Legion's doings everywhere to know that, while Darrell-Dunkle Post need take its hat off to none of them, it is only one of many. The Legion is looking after its own buddies, taking a big brotherly interest in youngsters, and boosting the interests of the community from Reno to New York and beyond on each side.

As I write this I have just arrived in New York. On my return I hope to beat the record of one Crazy Horse Wagner, who accomplished the trip in twenty-eight days. Wish me luck! Because I won't have time to drop in on Legion posts along the way; and compared to the eastward journey, it will be a long, hard grind.



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Improving on Nature

Minnesota Legionnaires Make the Countryside Attractive with the Aid of State Trees and a Little Artistry

MINNESOTA is heavily wooded and sparsely settled in the north, but in the south and west it's just the other way around. Southern Minnesota especially is thickly populated, in very productive farming country. But no trees to speak of. So various Legion posts began setting out shoots and sprouts to form memorial parks for their towns and others began lining the highways into their towns with these trees, naming or dedicating each young tree after a man who served.

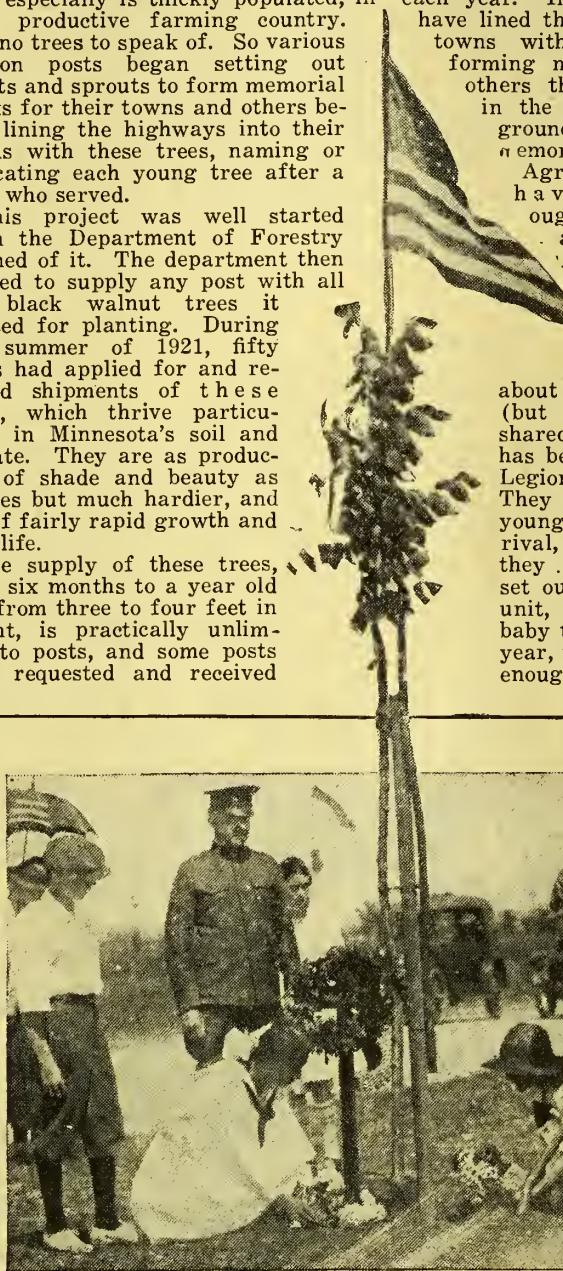
This project was well started when the Department of Forestry learned of it. The department then offered to supply any post with all the black walnut trees it wanted for planting. During the summer of 1921, fifty posts had applied for and received shipments of these trees, which thrive particularly in Minnesota's soil and climate. They are as productive of shade and beauty as maples but much hardier, and are of fairly rapid growth and long life.

The supply of these trees, from six months to a year old and from three to four feet in height, is practically unlimited to posts, and some posts have requested and received

as many as five hundred of them. There are several national highways running through Minnesota, over which thousands of automobile tourists pass each year. In many instances posts have lined these highways into their towns with black walnut trees, forming memorial drives and in others they have planted them in the town square or picnic ground to form World War memorial parks.

Agricultural experts who have been to school and ought to know say that in addition to furnishing beauty, shade and memorials, the Legion is helping the soil by planting these trees.

That the posts know something about what they are doing (but here credit must be shared with the Auxiliary), has been demonstrated by the Legion of Redwood Falls. They received one hundred young trees. Upon their arrival, the Auxiliary decided they were too young to be set out. Each member of the unit, therefore, was given a baby tree to mother until next year, when they will be strong enough to plant.



School children planting a tree on the Victory Memorial Drive in Minnesota

Outfit Reunions and Notices

CONTRIBUTIONS for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

COMPANY B, 104TH ENGINEERS—Annual reunion and banquet at Hotel Camden, Camden, N. J., Saturday, November 11, 7:30 P.M. Address George F. Seybold, 304 S. 5th st., Camden, N. J.

COMPANY D, 311TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION

—Reunion at Hotel Emerson, Baltimore, Md., November 4, 7:30 P.M. Address John Pfeffer, Easton, Pa.

EIGHTY-FIRST DIVISION—Reunion dinner, New York City, November 11th. For information, address the Wildcat Club, Box 317, Madison Sq. sta., New York City.

COMPANY L, 305TH INFANTRY—Reunion dinner early in December. For information, address George Bohlen, 99 Water st., New York City.



*We take off
our hat to*

PARKER-HAIGHT POST OF MILLBROOK, NEW YORK. As a practical demonstration of the theories of Americanization and patriotism, the post has established a college scholarship of \$100. This scholarship will be awarded to some graduate of the local high school, partly on merit, already proved, but more on the prospect of a useful career.

AUXILIARY UNIT OF PARIS (FRANCE) POST. It has accepted the responsibility of administering the War Orphan Fund which was originally started by *The Stars and Stripes*, official newspaper of the A. E. F. When *The Stars and Stripes* went out of existence, the fund was turned over to the American Red Cross, and now the Auxiliary in Paris will direct it.

DEPARTMENT OF THE CANAL ZONE. It conducted one of the biggest athletic meets ever held on the Isthmus, open to army, navy and civilian contestants. The 42d Infantry, whose enlisted personnel includes only native Porto Ricans, made a clean sweep of the meet, with 100 points out of a possible 131.

DAVID J. O'LEARY, ADJUTANT, AND W. W. COLTON, PUBLICITY OFFICER, PASADENA (CAL.) POST. An ammonia tank in the ice plant over which the clubrooms of the post are located exploded, sending deadly fumes through the building. These two comrades, who were passing at the time, rushed into the building and carried to safety the two women caretakers of the clubrooms, who had been overcome by the fumes.

EDDIE DELZEIT POST OF LEONA, KANSAS. This post claims the largest membership in proportion to the population of the town of any Legion post. Leona has 162 inhabitants, and the post boasts a membership of fifty-four. Figure it out, 33½%—not of potential members, but of the entire town population.

LONDON POST OF LONDON, ENGLAND. With a membership of only 108, the post has shown real energy and initiative in opening and operating an American Legion Hotel which is centrally located, contains eight bedrooms, dining room, lounge, office and a large dance hall and meeting room. The rental of the rooms and the dining room receipts pay the operating expenses.

The November 10th Issue of
The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

will be the
ANNUAL
POST-CONVENTION
NUMBER

and will contain a summary of
the proceedings of the Fourth
National Convention at
New Orleans



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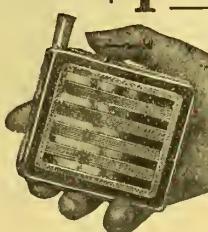
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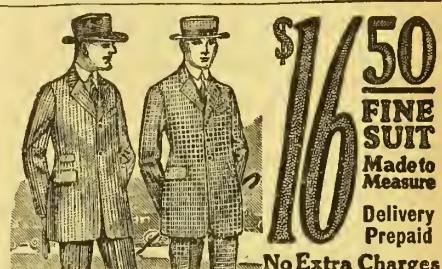


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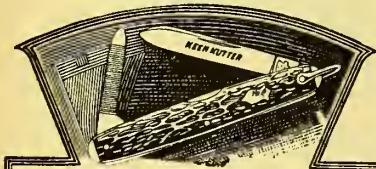
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They Bought a Ship on Their Army Pay

HOW a comparatively small but efficient army of service men turned their soldiers' pay into a merchant marine for a nation without a coastline is the picturesque story brought to these shores by the steamship *Legie*, flying the white, red and blue flag of Czechoslovakia, which recently dropped anchor in the port of Providence, Rhode Island. The ship itself is the direct result of a thrifty enterprise of the legionaries of the compact little nation. While they fought they studied. The end of strife came. The republic was intact, and the knowledge gained by thoroughly understanding economic and commercial conditions in the Far East stood them in good stead.

Back in the days when the American doughboys, fighting shoulder to shoulder with the French and English, were hammering the impenetrable German line in the west the Czechoslovak legionaries were giving invaluable aid in Siberia. For some time they were in control of the whole Trans-Siberian railroad.

It was in the midst of this campaign that it occurred to some of the legionaries that the service man would need money far more at the end of the war than during the fighting. The question naturally arose as to how best to provide for the emergency that would come with peace.

Following a discussion of various propositions it was decided to open a bank in Siberia for the legionaries.

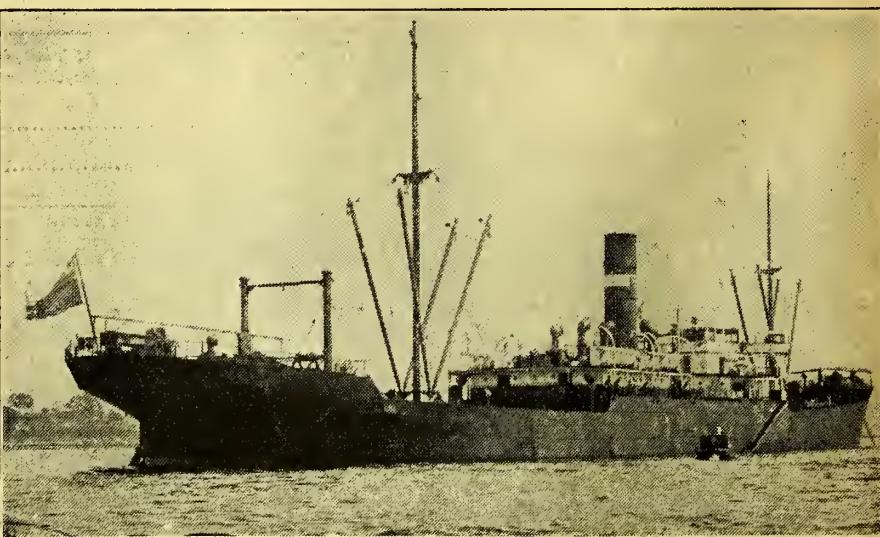
The far-seeing head of the enterprise realized that a banking institution would serve two major purposes—a means of helping the legionaries to lay up a portion of their pay for use after the war and the establishment of commercial relations with the Far East.

The idea met with instant approval of the rank and file. Every pay day the men who cared to participate in the enterprise gave a proportion of their money to the men in charge.

The legionaries directing the activities of the institution were capable men, and "the Bank of the Czechoslovak Legion" rapidly became prosperous. When the Siberian campaign came to an end the bank transferred its headquarters to Prague.

The profits of the institution had been large—large enough to make possible the purchase of a ship which was christened *Legie* in memory of the heroic Czechoslovak fighters. Since the ship became the property of the Bank of the Czechoslovak Legion in Prague it has sailed mainly in the Far East, the trip to Providence being its first to American shores.

That a republic without a seacoast should enter upon the venture of establishing a merchant marine is a particularly interesting enterprise. By the Versailles Treaty Czechoslovakia was given an outlet to the sea in the port of Hamburg, and by special arrangement with Italy the republic is given also an outlet to the Adriatic sea through the port of Triest.



S.S. *Legie*, the merchant marine of a nation without a seacoast

Compensation Claims

QUERIES aimed at locating former buddies whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Service Division, National Headquarters, The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana. The Service Division will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The Service Division wants to hear from the following:

Former members of 6th Co., M. O. T. C., Camp Greenleaf, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.; former members U. S. S. *Agamemnon* who know of an

accident to Bryan I. David; men who knew Frank Wetzel, also known as Frank Bernard Watson, 25 years old, 5 ft. 10 inches tall, weight 165 to 175 pounds; William Harris and Nathan Chanzer, inmates, ward 152, American Military Hospital No. 1, Neuilly-sur-Seine, France, from November 1, 1918, to January 16, 1919; men of U. S. S. *Buena Vista* who knew Seaman 1st cl. R. E. McCleary; Fred B. Moxley, Oscar Moudy, Dexter W. Hitchcock, Captain Hancock, Arthur L. Huggins, Ordnance Headquarters, Tours, France; address of — Carty, former M. P., No. 10 Police Station, Washington, D. C.; address of following members Co. C, 367th Infantry: Sgt. Harry Fot, Corp. Obie Gordon, Corp. Leavy Hill, Roger Williams, John Gill, Charles Byer, Edward Jordan.

Part of a Tradition of Healing

(Continued from page 11)

What actually is this work? As I said, the post gets in touch with every ex-service patient. Its Auxiliary then visits every one of these men to determine if help can be rendered to his dependents at home, or in Rochester if he brought them along. The post helps the man through the clinic. After the operation, and while the man is in a hospital, hotel or boarding and rooming house recuperating, the post is asked to furnish data on the man's financial condition. Then, through communication with the man's home post or, if he is not a member of the Legion, through the post in the community where he resides, the post obtains a statement of what the patient can afford to pay for his treatment, if anything. Of course, this arrangement is not in vogue in the case of ex-service men of means.

Another point! The disability necessitating operation or treatment does not have to be of service origin. Only about twenty-five percent of those ex-service men who come to Rochester can trace their disability to service.

This, then, is what the post is doing now. It is the service which would be augmented and made permanent, adequate, and efficient with the realization of the plan for a Legion hospital especially for ex-service men.

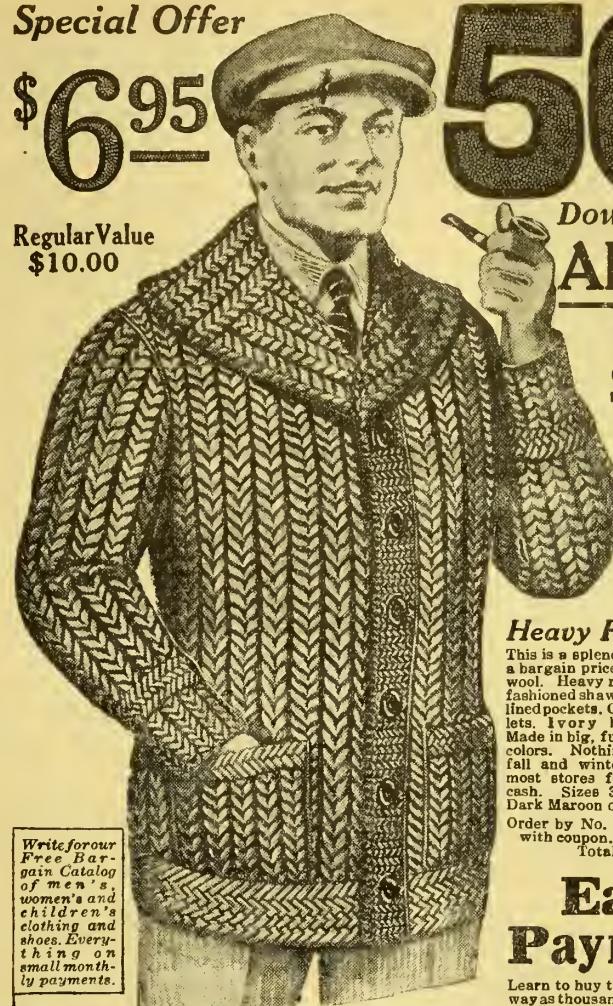
Regarding the purposes of the projected hospital these statements have been subscribed to and authorized by the Mayo brothers: It would consider as eligible for treatment every former service man and woman and his or her dependents without regard to financial condition, social status, race or creed. Where the service men and women and dependents are without means, the services rendered by the Mayo Clinic and the Legion would be free of charge. It would provide medical and surgical aid, examinations, operations and treatment for former service men and women and their dependents, regardless of whether their present condition is traceable to military service or is the result of causes arising in civilian life. Patients without means desiring service and who reside outside the State of Minnesota, would be furnished all professional services free of charge, their board, lodging and nurse service to be cared for by their respective state or local Legion organization.

As to formulation of the memorial hospital plan and its progress to the time of this writing, to quote Bill Pierce, executive secretary of the Minnesota Legion Hospital Committee: "The idea of the institution grew out of the necessity for having some organized force to care for the thousands of sick, wounded and otherwise disabled veterans who come to Rochester in quest of relief and health from all over the country. Early in 1919 the Rochester post of the Legion began to meet the demand for this much-needed service, but the responsibility grew until in August, 1921, it was thought advisable to take the matter before the Minnesota department executive committee. A resolution was adopted creating an investigation committee to go into the situation and report back. The

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Send only
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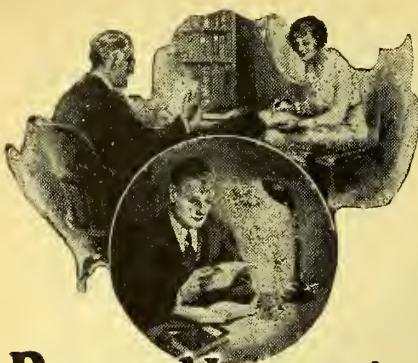
AGENTS: \$1.25 an hour spare time—\$9.60 a day full time—doing special advertising and showing samples. Tea, coffee, extracts, spices, baking powder, soaps, food products, things people eat. 240 fast sellers. Big profits. Exclusive territory. No capital required. You may be employed, but we make it worth your while to change. Everything furnished you to start.

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Fits any car. Attach yourself. Fords make as high as 34 miles to gallon. Other cars show proportionate saving. Send make of car and take advantage of our special 30-day trial offer. Agents Wanted.

AIR FRICTION CARBURETOR CO.
3302 Madison Street

Detroit, Mich.

project for a hospital then was studied by a sub-committee of the department executive committee, which later gave it a complete endorsement. National Commander MacNider has declared it one of the biggest single service projects before the Legion today."

It is hoped that actual work on the building will start early in 1923. The first unit—two units are authorized—would be put up and equipped at a cost of \$250,000. It would contain from one hundred to one hundred and fifty beds. Thus far posts of the Legion in Minnesota have contributed practically all the money that has been raised to carry out the project, and at this writing more than \$70,000 is deposited in the bank to the credit of the memorial hospital. Contributions have come in from several outside posts, and they are welcome.

American Legion Memorial Hospital is the present working name, although Galbraith Memorial Hospital has been suggested. A campaign is now under way to raise the necessary funds from the Legion by the endowment of beds, rooms and wards in the hospital. A

bed may be endowed in the name of an individual, department or post by the contribution of \$500; a room may be so endowed and named for \$2,500 and a ward for \$5,000. Many Minnesota posts are endowing beds, rooms and wards on the installment plan.

In the meantime William T. McCoy Post is carrying on. An average of ten ex-service men a week come to Rochester, without funds and needing immediate treatment to save their lives or to restore their health. The Rochester post has spent more than \$6,500 since February of this year out of its treasury (it has held boxing and wrestling matches and entertainments of all sorts to get this money). Not long ago the post helped a mother get her son, an ex-service man, out of the state insane asylum. He was taken to the Mayo clinic and they pronounced him sane but in need of special attention. He is now in his own home getting that attention. The post is starting his papers to the Government to connect that disability with the service. You remember those dying words of Private MacDonald of Kentucky.

A Pleasant Tonic for the Post

(Continued from page 13)

"The post came to life. The degree team, which was the initiation committee, has prepared as fine a piece of work as I ever witnessed, and I belong to a number of organizations. We hope to have the rough spots ironed out, and we will be ready to give advice to any post that cares to put some pep into the work."

So much for our Jayhawk friend. A case nearer to home for me exists in El Dorado, Arkansas, where Roy Kinard Post has established a work record in Legion growth by sky-rocketing from seventy-four members to 805 members in seven months—a gain of approximately one thousand percent and representing eighty percent of the selective drafted men in Union County.

The El Dorado post had seventy-four members in 1920 and seventy-four in 1921. There was no place to meet except the courthouse. The small town of four thousand awoke one morning to discover it was on the edge of one of the largest oil fields in the United States. El Dorado became a city of fifteen thousand in two months—and many war veterans were in the horde of liquid gold seekers.

Although these men are hard-boiled, and not easily sold on anything, they became members when a Legion hall and clubroom was obtained adjoining the city hall. It had been started by an oil promoter as a Petroleum Club, but became a liability when the oil promotions failed to materialize. An oil man who proved to be a natural leader in the oil field just as he had been during the war, became the commander.

The Legion hall became a real home, the Auxiliary and post met on the same nights, and the women served lunch afterward. When the meetings opened, the members snapped into it, and the order of business as prescribed in the manual was followed out to the letter.

One member came into the room one night before the meeting opened, and failed to remove his hat.

"Hat off, rookie," one Legionnaire exclaimed. The hat remained on.

"Listen, comrade," the Legionnaire persisted. "You're going to take your hat off. Come on, fellows."

The gang took off the hat, and then forced the offending member to buy cigarettes for the bunch. Then he became interested in seeing whom he could catch with his hat on, so as to enforce the same penalty. Now a member would no sooner think of entering the hall without removing his hat than would a soldier stare at a major general without saluting.

The Fort Smith post obtained similar results in becoming addicted to the ceremonial habit, although the process of inoculation was different. Fort Smith has a Negro post, the only one in Arkansas, and the dusky members go through a series of strenuous degrees to become eligible for Legion membership. The Victor Ellig post was invited to witness the ceremony.

The Negro candidate was tossed out of blankets, walked barefoot over stones, and did a fair imitation of going through No Man's Land to qualify for the fourth degree, which permitted him to become a member of The American Legion. And the visiting post members went away with some ideas of their own about stimulating interest in post meetings.

The funeral service is the post's best advertising medium. This sounds disrespectful, but no disrespect is intended. A successfully conducted funeral service by a post firing squad and chaplain brings the Legion's serious mission to men who may have regarded it as a mutual admiration society.

It was a funeral service that caused me to become converted from a card holder to a Legion member. I paid my dues, got The American Legion Weekly, and wore a button sometimes. At any rate, The American Legion wasn't paying dividends from my activities.

I went home to Rich Hill, Mo. Don't look for it only on big maps. I have

been gone twelve years, hence those who remembered me did so in terms of the schoolboy and printer's devil they knew, rather than a former second looey in disguise. The week following my arrival, there was returned the body of George Duzan, in whose honor the post was named.

The Legionnaires wanted a funeral and suggested a firing squad. I agreed to take command.

There were about twenty Legionnaires in the town, and at least half of them promised to appear in uniforms. They arrived, singly, but seemed to avoid the main street. Each apparently feared someone would grab him off as a deserter. Finally six sneaked to the meeting place, and took charge of the guns from which cosmoline still dripped.

When the squad appeared on the street to go through the manual, several other comrades came up, and soon there were three squads. While the service was being conducted, I had the firing squad doing its stuff, with the front rank kneeling and the rear rank aiming over their heads. That solved the problem of saving the lives of the four front rank men.

The effect of the funeral was reflected in a revival of interest in the post. We held a meeting a week later, and started off with thirty-five members. The post now has eighty-nine members, and is growing steadily.

After converting the Legionnaires to disciplined respect for the organization, the town people were next in line. They were our customers—our ticket buyers. To sell them on the Legion and its aims, we gave a vaudeville revue to get away from stale minstrel performances, and tried out a new stunt that proved popular.

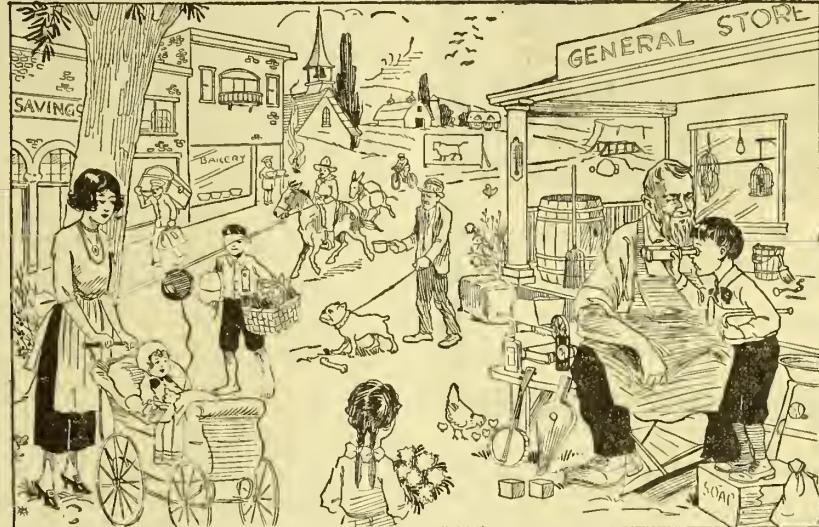
When the curtain was raised for the first act, the post commander read the preamble of the Legion constitution. Then another curtain was raised, and in a spotlight was shown a candidate being obligated into The American Legion. He repeated the obligation, and the lecture on the Legion emblem was given. Then "In Flanders Field" was sung while colored spotlights were turned on poses of soldiers as suggested by the war song.

The effect was a renewal of interest in the Legion. By interesting the town people in the organization, veterans discovered they were out of step unless affiliated with the post.

Arkansas posts that are using the Legion ceremonials are the liveliest, blue-ribbon organizations in the State. In fact, one post became so impressed with the ceremonial that it tried to inject a secret clause into the preamble, and force all members to swear to secrecy. The commander was informed that the Legion is not a secret organization, but that its members are urged to adopt the ceremony because of its efficiency over the unbusinesslike and uninteresting meetings that usually result from extemporaneous gatherings.

In conclusion, I'm going to steal some thunder from the patent-medicine crowd. If your post is asleep, run down, worn out, talked to death, under-fed, fondered, dyspeptic, and is ready to walk at half-step down the street to the slow music of the "Dead March from Saul," take a heaping teaspoonful of Legion Ceremonials every seven days. Shake yourself meanwhile. Small dose often cures. Send to National Headquarters for free samples.

Win \$1000



How Many Objects in This Picture Begin With "B," Like "Boy," "Barrel," Etc?

How's Your Eyesight?

HERE'S a puzzle game that can bring you plenty of spare-time fun and \$1,000 besides. Have the family or friends play with you—see who can find the most objects in the picture beginning with "B," like "boy," "barrel," etc. Send in your list of "B"-words as soon as possible—YOU MAY WIN ONE OF THE \$1,000 PRIZES.

Winning \$1,000 Easy!

50 Prizes in All—Try Your "Luck"

Three \$1,000 prizes have been hung up with other cash prizes—50 IN ALL. If your list of "B"-words is awarded first, second or third and you have "qualified" under Class "A" by sending a \$5 Henber Pencil order during this advertising campaign, you will win \$1,000; if you sent in under Class "B," a \$3 pencil order you would win \$300; if no pencil is ordered you would win \$25. You may be the "lucky" person who will win \$1,000. You never know how "lucky" you are until you have tried.

Others Have Won—You Can Win

If others, even school children as young as 12 and 14 years have won \$1,000, you can win. The following persons each won \$1,000 in previous advertising campaigns conducted by this company: Thomas Damico, 1154 S. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank Vogel, 720 North 1st St., Tacoma, Wash.; E. J. Kilkelly, Kenosha, Wis.; Mrs. B. Bulfin, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Ella Phillips, Clifton, Col.; Walter Rice, Tenstrike, Minn.; Mrs. R. O. Steele, Kimball, Neb.; M. Gould, Blackfoot, Idaho, and others.

You'll Never Win Unless You Try! Act!

READ THESE RULES

1. Anyone living outside of Minneapolis may compete for the free prizes except employees or their relatives of the Henber Company.
2. The person finds in the largest number of words which correctly name the objects shown in the picture starting with "B" will be awarded first prize, and an equal division of the rest of \$50 free prizes. One point will be allowed for each correct word, and one point deducted for each incorrect word or omission of a correct word.

ADDRESS YOUR
SOLUTION TO

3. In case of ties for any prizes offered the full amount of each prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestants. The list winning the first prize will be published at the close of the contest. Enlarged copy of picture will be furnished on request.

4. Your solution must not include hyphenated, obsolete, compound (words composed of two complete English words) or foreign words. Webster's International Dictionary will be used as authority.

5. It is permissible to name either singular or plural, but both cannot be

used. Synonyms and words of same spelling but different meaning will count only one, but any part of an object can be named.

6. All solutions mailed and postmarked Dec. 16, 1922, will be accepted. Contests may "qualify" under Cleo A or B up to midnight, Dec. 16, 1922.

7. Write words on one side of paper only numbering each 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.

8. Three prominent people of Minneapolis will act as judges. Their decision must be accepted as final and conclusive.

The Henber Co. DESK G Minneapolis, Minn.

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TRAPS-FURS Send for Big page Fur Book, in colors, most complete catalog of Trapping Supplies ever issued. Will help you become expert trapper and earn big money. Also fur lists giving highest market prices, and shipping tags. All Free. Deal direct with America's Greatest Fur House and get highest grades for your furs and big money quick. Write

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AS SNAP for MEN!

Big-4 Combination

All Wool Cap
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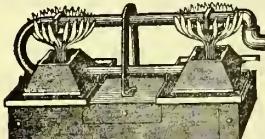
Plus Postage

Sure! It's less than cost! Worth \$2.00 of any man's money—right now! Out 99cts. So much out and snap up this astounding bargain by return mail. Better order two or three sets—you can't buy'em at this price when cold weather is here.

SEND NO MONEY NOW—pay on arrival. Order No. 831—money back if you're not pleased.

GORDON BATES CO.
Dept. 1041
Minneapolis, Minnesota

AGENTS: \$6 a Day
New HOT-BLAST COAL-OIL BURNER



Turns any coal or wood stove into a gas stove. Uses common coal-oil

Perfect for cooking, baking, heating. Absolutely safe. Cheaper than coal. Installed in a few minutes. Fits any stove. Low priced. Write for terms. No capital needed.

U. S. MFG. CO., Dept. 206, Columbus, O.

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THE ONLY GENUINE INSTRUMENT
Last Original Invention
Become Popular Play
this JAZZY FLUTE!
Wonderful fun!
Bass Clef
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Entertainment for Parties
15 POPULAR SONGS FREE,
SEND NO MONEY. Pay Postman on Arrival
E. ORIOL CO. 15 PARK ROW, N.Y.C. PRICE ONLY
PLAY IT WITHOUT LEARNING

Gassing the Gassers

(Continued from page 10)

These had to be carefully camouflaged to prevent detection by German aerial photographers. The foot tracks of the carrying parties had to be erased each morning at the end of the night's work. This was done by spreading loose soil over the paths with ordinary rakes.

In the Allied camps it was known that a big German offensive was about to open and the gas troops were worked overtime to forestall the attack in their sector of the line.

Everything was in readiness to "shoot the gas" on the night of March 18th but on that night and on the two succeeding ones the direction of the wind prevented. Weather conditions had to be absolutely favorable in order to protect the Allied troops. The danger area usually was considered to be about five miles deep but fatalities had been known to occur at a distance of twenty miles. Therefore, it was unsafe to take a chance of the wind changing and blowing gas back over the miles of ground jammed with British troops awaiting the expected onslaught.

Under such conditions the day of March 21st broke. The Kaiser's lines surged forward, but the attack swept to the right of the Canadians, leaving undisturbed the dispositions of the First Battalion of the American Gas Regiment. That night the wind blew gently over the Allied lines toward the enemy. Zero hour was set for 11 o'clock. Ten minutes before the hour shells fired in preparation for an enemy raid fell on the position and cut some of the wires connecting the projector batteries with the exploders.

Repairs were hastily made. At 11 o'clock all eyes were turned to the rear, searching the darkness for a signal. Right on the hour a red and green rocket soared up, a mile back of the gas troops. A soldier bent down and touched a button. A flash swept the sky, the earth trembled and there was a mighty roar as the projectors discharged their gas-filled drums.

Four thousand gas bombs fell on the German position and exploded in the trenches, releasing sixty tons of gas. The efficient "skunk gas" had been combined with the death-dealing stuff. Its nauseating fluid penetrated masks and caused severe vomiting among the German troops. They were compelled to remove their protectors and thus immediately fell victims of the lethal poison fired at them. Not a sound was heard from the German front line trenches the rest of the night.

But if the gas-drenched German infantry remained quiescent, their comrades made up for their inactivity. Immediately after the gas drums had exploded the rear areas woke into frenzied action. The enemy outposts filled the sky with Véry lights which illuminated the sector so clearly that the gas clouds hanging over the earth could be seen from the American position. The Véry lights were followed by other signals, red and green, and then by a golden rain effect which fell like a cascade over the enemy territory. These signals were calls for a protecting artillery barrage. The German artillerymen complied, putting down an intensive curtain fire of shells which, for-

tunately, was slightly miscalculated as to distance and fell in the rear of the American projectors. After a moment of sharp, fierce shelling the guns ceased firing. The gas troops took advantage of this pause to withdraw to the shelter of the Canadian support trenches.

Their retreat was well timed. They were scarcely within the protecting dugouts before the Boche shells began coming over again in even greater numbers. The German artillery had begun firing before learning that their comrades in the advance trenches had been treated to a gas bombardment. When the "alert" sounded the gunners had paused long enough to adjust their gas masks. In that interval the Americans got away, but not entirely without casualties. Several men were wounded and Private William K. Neal was killed, the first member of his regiment to lose his life in action.

As soon as the gas forces had reached the shelter of the trenches Canadian machine gunners opened fire. They were joined by all the Allied artillery, which roared on a ten-mile front with guns of every caliber. This harassing fire was kept up all night. The enemy gave back in counter fire shell for shell. Throughout this big gun duel nothing was heard from the German infantry.

The reason for this was learned next morning when Allied airplanes soared over the enemy lines to ascertain the effect of the gas attack. This reconnaissance revealed terrible havoc in the German trenches. Reports of the attack issued by the German General Staff, and captured later, stated that the total casualties from the gas had exceeded five thousand and that it had been necessary to relieve the entire division on account of its shattered morale.

Thus, near the same spot where the Germans had shocked the civilized world in 1915 with their gas attack they learned the heavy penalty they were to pay for having introduced this new element into warfare. Developments indicated that they had learned the lesson well. When they renewed the offensive eighteen days later the American gas regiment's sector was not disturbed.

Before the First Gas Regiment withdrew from the British front one of its members won the first Distinguished Service Cross that fell to its lot in France. While returning from the front lines on the morning of April 9th, Sergeant A. W. Jones came under heavy shell fire with other members of his platoon. Several men were killed and others wounded. Sergeant Jones reached cover safely but persisted in returning to the exposed ground to search for wounded comrades. He carried four of them to safety through the barrage.

By the time the Yankee gassers reached the St. Mihiel salient in July they looked upon themselves as veterans. They had measured themselves against the Boche and felt that they were not only his equal but his superior in ladling out toxic doses. Whenever the enemy grew particularly obnoxious in any quarter these newly-trained chemical warriors delighted in treating him to something nasty.

When the 82d Division was holding

a part of the line in the Toul sector in July there were several spots so active that the men usually came out of the line with bad cases of nerves. The Germans were very touchy about the Metz road. The 82d Division held the Bois de Jury, a strongpoint which commanded part of that road. To insure against attack there the Germans shelled it and the adjacent villages of Mandres and Beaumont every day, making circulation thereabouts both difficult and dangerous.

The target to which the Germans gave their greatest attention was the intersection of the main street in Mandres with two other roads, one of which connected with the Metz road about eight hundred yards away. At this intersection an American M. P. was stationed to halt all vehicles and make the occupants proceed on foot. There were almost daily casualties.

The French Intelligence Section reported a German battalion P. C. opposite the Americans in the Bois de Jury and it was concluded that this P. C. was responsible for the shelling. Colonel Atkisson was asked to give the German outfit a dose of gas. "Skunk gas" had not previously been employed in that part of the line and therefore it was decided to mix some of that choice concoction with the lethal gas that would be used.

The projectors were to be placed in the Bois de Jury. On the first night of the preparation the lorries carrying up the material were allowed to pass the Mandres crossroads and proceed to the Metz road, but the Germans heard the

noise of unloading and got busy with their artillery. Thereafter all equipment was carried a thousand yards by handpower.

Company C finally dug in 560 projectors, each weighing 90 pounds, and placed alongside them the necessary gas drums. D day was set for August 5th, with midnight the zero hour. The company left its quarters in Mandres after dark and went to its position.

Captain Lowenberg, commanding, was at his post receiving wind reports. These were favorable and a light, drizzling rain helped still more. The captain sent two runners with duplicate messages to fire at zero hour. The guns were all electrically connected to be fired in unison by mine exploders.

The hour arrived.

Five hundred and sixty gas-filled projectiles, with the roar of as many express trains, fell upon the German P. C., five hundred yards away. After an interval of twelve seconds the eight and a half tons of lethal and "skunk gas" burst on the target.

The doughboys knew the animal in whose honor "skunk gas" was named. Wherever its odor spread people, as has been said, had to leave suddenly.

As Company C boarded trucks to return to quarters an observation balloon and an airplane rose out of the mists of dawn and sailed away to check up on the results of the midnight shoot. The report came back that the Germans had evacuated their P. C.

For several weeks thereafter the Metz road around Mandres was a quiet highway.

Our Poor Relations

(Continued from page 8)

country was, if anything, anti-French. Had you been able then to assess American opinion in so far as it dealt with Europe at all, you would have found that, of the four nations—England, France, Belgium and Germany—Germany had most of our admiration. As schoolboys we had all been taught to think of England as a meddlesome old tyrant that now left us in peace only because she was afraid of us. Then the conduct of Belgium in the Congo had spread the notion here that the Belgians were a mean lot. Also, we thought of the French as small men who wore tight patent leather shoes, ate frogs' legs by the gross, danced when they talked and kissed each other when agitated. And of all French-women as hussies. But the Germans! They were the fine people, the modern people, the closest of kin to us. Why, we were giddy with pride when our own Roosevelt went horseback riding with his pal, the Kaiser. We were delirious with joy when the Kaiser sent his Prince Henry to visit us. The busy German propagandists could (and did) report to Berlin that a fine friendship for Germany had been built up for future use in the States. But four years later we were beginning to ship two million soldiers overseas under orders to kill as many Germans as possible. And five years later the footfalls that echoed through the biggest of all German forts were made by American hobnailed shoes.

What, when a new and pressing set of facts were presented, mattered all the pretty things that had been said about Germany in this country? When

an actual issue was drawn between England and Germany, what mattered it that England had been German ruled for two centuries and at odds with France for ten? When England went to war with Germany and it seemed to us that she was right and that her fight was our fight, what mattered all the old enmity between her people and ours? Nothing. It delayed our entrance into the war. It did not prevent it. Only in that delay does the propagandist find any fruit of his own toil.

So when you ask our friend, the passing stranger in State Street, what he thinks of Georgia and he looks blank, don't worry. You can, if you like, show him some pictures of Georgia and deliver a lecture on the strange manners and customs of the Georgians when at home. That may enrich his mind, even if it leaves Georgia about where she was. But be sure of this. If the Georgians to-morrow were to go in suddenly for a wholesale lynching bee, he would forget all the pretty things you had said about that admirable commonwealth. And on the other hand, if Georgia were to be swept to-morrow by flood and famine and pestilence, he would send help and food and money by the next train.

So, too, with France. The early American friendship for France had seemingly evaporated by 1914. But we joined her in the hour of her need. Then, after 1918, the natural process of evaporation was resumed. That process has since been hastened by many factors. It has been stimulated by the constant, petty, unchronicled

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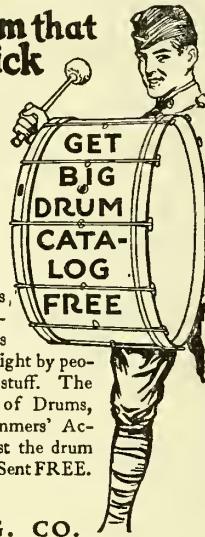
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bickering between our armies on the Rhine ever since the first day they reached there; by the notion (not without foundation) that the post-war turmoil has been prolonged through the shortsighted trepidations of French generals and politicians; by the severe strain on friendship which usually arises (like gas from a marsh) when one neighbor is heavily in another's debt; but above all, by the natural and healthy reaction against all the artificially stimulated international lovelmaking that was practised during the war. Now that phase has passed. This one will pass, too.

And what will remain? Is it all an illusion—this Franco-American friendship which once found expression in most bloody battle? Is it all a matter of rubber-stamp talk like the "yours sincerely" at the bottom of a letter? No, this one thing is true: this one thing remains. Deep down below the visible surface of international life lies a fact. France and America are alike. They are alike in that both of them cherish and will fight for a certain fine, chip-on-the-shoulder love of personal liberty. It is true that the French, like the Americans, are as often as not blundering and ignorant in their roles as citizens and so let themselves be steered from time to time by weirdly misrepresentative governments. At such times misunderstandings can arise, but then between nations as between brothers or between cousins or between next-door neighbors, there is almost no limit to the capacity for misunderstanding. But far below lies the one rock-bottom fact. America is and, since the beginning, has been stronger and safer because France existed.

France is and always has been stronger and safer since America existed. It is easier to be American in a world that has a sufficient supply of Frenchmen. It is easier to be French in a world that has a sufficient supply of Americans. That is a fact. That is the fact.

In the long run, that is what counts. It counts so much that most of the worry that has puckered the Franco-phile brows during the last four years was so much waste motion, so much waste emotion. But in the short run, it is a good idea for those statesmen who cannot take their place at the front to remember that there is always needed service that can be rendered in the Interpreters' Corps. Just because there is, as has been said, almost no limit to the human capacity for misunderstanding, so, too, there is almost no limit to the interpreting work that can be done in making and keeping two nations friendly—or, if you prefer to emphasize the element of self-interest, then in making and keeping two nations aware how identical their interests are.

On such work a fiery old man who is richly entitled to spend all the rest of his days fishing in the streams of his native Vendée is now getting out the old bag that will keep the American dust off his tooth brush. There was a king in France when he was born and England had a new and charming queen named Victoria. John Tyler was President of the United States, a small nation that held it lawful to own slaves. That was quite a long time ago. Since then a good many people have been born into this world—a miscellaneous lot. But none of them has proved more interesting than Georges Clemenceau.

Will the Hyphen Win in Hawaii?

(Continued from page 7)

of the Japanese community. The original motive of the strike may have been economic, but there seems little reason to doubt that it was fought racially. Not only the sugar workers, but the Japanese press, shopkeepers, bankers, teachers, artisans and servants worked in a single unit. Every kind of community pressure was brought to bear to whip all Japanese into line. The more extreme of the American anti-Japanese even maintain that orders in connection with the strike were communicated from Japan. Considerable sabotage is charged against the strikers and their allies, and even after the strike, it is charged there has been deliberate soldiering on the job and the Japanese are deliberately inefficient in order to ruin the properties of the Americans.

Furthermore—and this may be the most significant—efforts have been made by Japanese to purchase control of a few sugar plantations. Americans interpret this as a sign of Japanese challenge for economic control of the islands in the same way as they have wrested control of certain industries in California. In Hawaii to control sugar would be to control the islands. The strike is over, but the resentment is not; apparently it has just begun.

It would be erroneous to say that all this originated with the strike. The strike only served to bring it to the surface. What are the underlying facts? The census for 1920 shows 109,274 Japanese out of a population of 255,912. The Japanese consul-gen-

eral's figures, which because of the more careful official system are probably more accurate, show 114,000, or approximately 44 percent of the population. That is four times as many as there are of any other one nationality in Hawaii and five times as many as all the whites, Americans included. It is as if there were 48,000,000 Japanese in the United States. More important, of the 114,000 Japanese, 49,016, according to the census, were born in Hawaii and are American citizens. Therefore they have the vote.

Now, Hawaii is a territory of the United States. Its status is that of any of the present States of the Union before they were given statehood. Its governor is appointed by the President, and acts passed by the territorial Legislature must be approved in Washington. Otherwise it is autonomous. It has locally-elected administrative officials. It has a locally-elected Legislature which virtually makes the policy of the territory. The members of the Legislature and all other officials not federally appointed are elected by universal suffrage.

As the figures already cited show, 49,016 of these citizens are already Japanese. Now, considering that 44 percent of the population is Japanese and that children born of these will be American citizens and therefore voters, it is not difficult to calculate how many years it will be before a majority of the voters will be Japanese and the territory will be governed by the Japanese majority—Japanese, moreover, be-



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tween whom and the Americans there is keen racial feeling. The coming of this time will be shortened, furthermore, by the higher birthrate of the Japanese compared with Americans. In 1917, for instance, 5,000 Japanese children were born in Hawaii and 295 Americans. In 1920 the Japanese birthrate was 43.73 per thousand and the birthrate of all Caucasians, Americans included, was 14.96 per thousand. This came in actual figures to 374 white children born in 1920 and 4,963 Japanese. Carry this out ten or twenty years and the result is obvious.

As a matter of fact, a commission of the Federal Bureau of Education which made a survey of conditions in Hawaii in 1920 listed in its report the Japanese births for the last twenty-five years, with a table showing when these will reach voting age. This table shows that in 1930 there will be 12,216 Japanese eligible to vote; in 1940 there will be 35,137. The same table shows that the estimated total electorate of all nationalities exclusive of Japanese in 1940 will be 34,907. Deducting from the Japanese figures a certain proportion for death or departure — past records indicate that this will be about 13 percent—the Japanese electorate in 1940 is estimated at 30,857, or a figure nearly equal to that of all other nationalities combined. In a few years after that at best the Japanese will have established a clear majority, and in one more generation, it is safe to say, political control of an American territory will have passed to Japanese.

To Japanese, but will it be to Japan necessarily? How much have the Japanese been Americanized and what forces exist as obstacles to Americanization and as means to maintaining their own race solidarity? First, let it be remembered that the Japanese have a dual citizenship. The Japanese government does not renounce its claim on the allegiance of its people even where born under foreign flags; unless they formally forswear Japanese citizenship they must serve their term in the Japanese army as conscripts even if American-born. This naturally puts all Hawaiian-born Japanese under the influence of Japanese officials there. Also, there is the inherent Japanese resistance to assimilation by other peoples. They are clannish. As shown by statistics, they do not intermarry. They do not even intermingle much. They have little interest in community affairs. And their family system, with its powerful and far-reaching demands, makes for group loyalty and race loyalty. In addition, there are the Japanese press and the Japanese foreign-language schools.

There are sixteen Japanese-language publications in Hawaii, of which seven are dailies. The Japanese dailies in Honolulu have a larger circulation than the two American dailies. Only an infinitesimal proportion of Japanese residents read anything but the Japanese papers. Of much more influence are the Japanese schools. These are part of the Japanese Buddhist organizations. Hawaii has compulsory education laws, of course, and children of all nationalities attend the public schools. The Japanese schools (as well as other foreign-language schools, Chinese and Korean) are conducted both before and after regular school hours, the children being compelled to study in what amounts to a double shift.

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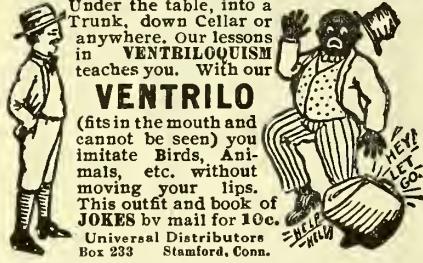
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Twenty thousand Japanese children attend these Buddhist schools, according to official Federal figures. There they are taught in the Japanese language by Japanese teachers, most of whom have been brought from Japan and have no knowledge of America or American ideas of government, history and education. Naturally the education given is such as to make them Japanese in mind and spirit. There is a little infusion of American history in the curriculum, a very little; the bulk is Japanese history, Japanese tradition, an appeal to Japanese patriotism. The consensus of educators' opinion is that it neutralizes the teaching in American schools; in fact, the Japanese children have only the poorest grasp even of the English language when they have finished the grade schools. This is the greatest single obstacle to any effective Americanization of Japanese children born American citizens, and it is difficult to see how they can be other than Japanese in spirit and sympathy.

In the last two years some attempt has been made to supervise both the Japanese papers and schools. The former must submit translations of their contents whenever demanded, with penalties for publication of unlawful matter—a rather dubious measure, since censorship even in appearance never accomplishes anything. The schools, together with all other foreign-language schools, have been placed under the supervision of the territorial department of public instruction, teachers being compelled to obtain permits which require a knowledge of the English language and American history. Whether this will be effective so long as the curriculum is not strictly prescribed by the territorial government also is doubtful. The only other possible measure, compulsory abolition of the Japanese schools, under present conditions would probably inflame the Japanese population and therefore defeat its purpose.

What will the outcome be? What other solution is there? The Japanese are there, more than 100,000 of them, nearly half of the population. Presumably they will remain. It is unlikely they will leave in large numbers after having worked hard to establish themselves, and they cannot be driven out. Even if that were possible politically and economically, it would not be legally, since so many of them are American citizens. It may have been a mistake ever to have brought them there, even if the American sugar interests profited thereby, but they have been brought and are there and it is too late to look back. Their influence will become increasingly potent, and in a generation at most they will hold the preponderance of power unless something now unforeseeable intervenes. Thus there will be American sovereignty and Japanese rule, unless the Japanese can in the meantime be Americanized. Against their Americanization stands the race feeling now worked up, which tends to throw them back on their old loyalties, as well as positive agencies like the press, religion and the schools to hold them to Japanese loyalties. It is an insoluble dilemma, surely the most perplexing Americanization problem we have.

In another article I shall deal with such plans as have been put forth for solution and some of the other phases of the main problem.

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From That Tired, Aching, Broken-Down Feeling Jung's Arch Brace, just out, is an elastic, light, comfortable, economical and corrective brace. Relieves tired and aching feet instantly. Corrects fallen arches and foot-strain. Fits the foot perfectly. Takes up no room in the shoe. Strengthens and supports muscles. No ungainly humps. No leather pads. No metal plates. To insure comfort and ease in walking or standing, use

JUNG'S The Original ARCH BRACES

Recommended by Physicians. Made of specially prepared "Superlastik". Guaranteed. Price \$1 per pair. Money back if not satisfied. Order today. Ask your shoe dealer, chiropodist or druggist. Booklet free. THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO. 8102 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

STERLING RAZORS 30 DAY TRIAL

• 30 DAY TRIAL •
FINE STROP FREE

STERLING razors are hand forged from special cutleries steel, hollow ground, tempered and finished by experts. Thousands used by barbers and self shavers. We will send you a STERLING on 30 days trial. If satisfactory, costs \$1.67. If not, costs nothing. Barber's double swing horsehair strop FREE with each razor. Write today Sterling Company, Dept. 115 Baltimore, Md.

Sound Off Emblem Division

Automobile decorations, Post banners, grave markers, membership buttons, seal presses, window transfers, athletic emblems and a score of other useful and attractive items incorporating the Legion emblem are to be had from the Emblem Division.

WRITE FOR A COMPLETE CATALOGUE

Emblem Division, National Headquarters—The American Legion, Indianapolis...

Use Insyde Tyres

Positively prevent punctures and blowouts. Give double tire mileage, any tire—old or new. Use over and over again. Old worn-out casings will give three to five thousand miles more service. Low priced. Special representatives wanted. Write today. AMERICAN ACCESSORIES CO., B-1106 Cincinnati, Ohio

Agents—Big Money

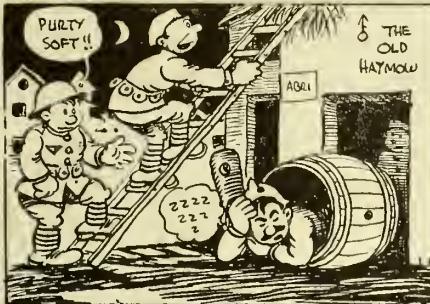
Brand New Oil Burner

Fits any heating stove. Easy to install. No plumbing or pipe fitting necessary. Burns common (coal oil) Kerosene or distillate. Cheapest fuel known. Set burner on grate of stove—turn on oil. Regulate by valve. Simple, safe, clean. Nothing to get out of order.

Five Year Guarantee

A new invention that has perfected the method of burning oil in any heating stove. Our agents having wonderful success. No experience necessary. Work spare time or full time. Big money every day. Write for agency.

Jennings Mfg. Co., Burner 104 Dayton, Ohio



Away With the Gravel Mattress

Manufacturers of mattresses are not losing any sleep worrying about putting their product in Legionnaires' homes.

They allege that Buddy in the Barrel has slept on everything but a row of bayonets—and might as well keep it up. Let Buddy, they must reason, hit the hay as in the days of old when he grabbed some flax from a French field and crawled into same. A court-martial may have set him back 30-30 for said flax, but it was often worth it.

Have these mattress advertisers heard of the famous gravel mattresses that were an issue in the army?

And then there is a possibility they think we still use mud mattresses famous in the lines.

Other famed mattresses were the wire ones, on which the cooties in the French barns played circus during the day.

The brick floors of billets made mattresses that looked sweet even to a general. Many of us, of course, have nestled against the bottom of an abandoned limber, but you never knew when a mule would come along and bite off a hunk of sompen that wasn't hay.

A great place to park the body for a night's lodging was in a haymow—but a haymow in France was more closely guarded than a cellar in a wet community.

A cuckoo could curl up in a "40-8" and forget the world and all, taking into consideration the neighbor's field boot that helped him lapse into unconsciousness.

Buddy once tried to feel a colonel's hair mattress that was riding on a limber, but got pinched for being after the officer's cognac.

In a straw mattress it was always a battle for the

survival of the fittest, the straw or members of the family "hopping-dandruff."

The only time Buddy ever envied the gobs was when he saw 'em crawl into a hammock, several fathoms above decks. But in the 2 x 4 apartments nowadays there's not room enough to swing hammocks for gob and family—what say, mate?

Away with that old army mattress stuff! Let's show 'em we are in soft now. Light on the dotted lines; pounce on the coupon. Bury your pen in the dots.

This is a regular family affair—what mattresses do we want to see advertised in our columns—and why? Lay on the coupon, MacDuff!

R

To the Advertising Manager,
627 West 43d St., New York City.

I would like to have the following make of Mattress advertised in our Weekly.

Name brand.....

Give reason.....

This coupon is for all Legionnaires and Auxiliary Members to fill out. But if you are a dealer or salesman handling this line, please indicate by check mark.....salesman

Name.....

Address.....

Post.....



OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

AUTO ACCESSORIES

V Air Friction Carburetor..... 24

American Accessories Co.

VVV Electric Storage Battery Co.

Liberty Top & Tire Co.

V F. Collier & Son Co.

VV Nelson Doubleday, Inc. Back Cover

F. Everett

G. & C. Merriam Co.

VV The Pathfinder Pub. Co.

Sportsman's Digest Publ. Co.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Acorn Brass Mfg. Co. 28

VV Albert Mills.

American Accessories Co.

Curtis Ireland Candy Corporation

Federal Pure Food Co.

VF Fryer Co.

E. C. Harley Co.

V Jennings Mfg. Co.

Knight Bros.

VV Lanning Calculator Co.

V Mac-O-Chee Mills

L. Mitchell & Co.

VV Parker Mfg. Co.

Santa Fe Railway

Silver King Novelty Co.

J. B. Simpson, Inc.

John A. Stransky

VVV Thomas Mfg. Co.

U. S. Manufacturing Co.

ENTERTAINMENT

VVT S. Denison & Co.

Universal Distributors.

FIREARMS

W. Stokes Kirk

Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.

FOOD PRODUCTS

VVVV The Genesee Pure Food Co.

HARDWARE

VV Simons Hardware Co.

HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES

V American Doughboy

Krystal Krafts.

Rat Biscuit Co.

Strauss & Schram.

INSURANCE

V John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.

INVESTMENTS

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co.

JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS

VV American Legion Emblem Division

V SERVICE STRIPE—AWARDED ADVERTISERS WITH US REGULARLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS. THE VVV THREE, VVVV FOUR AND FIVE STRIPES ARE GROWING IN NUMBER, AND THE SIX STRIPES ARE BEGINNING TO APPEAR.

We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform." Issue of February 6, 1920. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

THEY
ADVERTISE,
LET'S
PATRONIZE

Why Some People Are Never At Ease Among Strangers

PEOPLE of culture can be recognized at once. They are calm, well-poised. They have a certain dignity about them, a certain calm assurance which makes people respect them. It is because they know exactly what to do and say on every occasion that they are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people and yet be entirely at ease.

But there are some people who are never at ease among strangers. Because they do not know the right thing to do at the right time, they are awkward, self-conscious. They are afraid to accept invitations because they do not know what to wear, how to acknowledge introductions, how to make people like them. They are timid in the presence of celebrated people because they do not know when to rise and when to remain seated, when to speak and when to remain silent, when to offer one's chair and when not to. They are always uncomfortable and embarrassed when they are in the company of cultured men and women.

It is only by knowing definitely, without the slightest doubt, what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, under all conditions, that one is able to be dignified, charming and well-poised at all times.

How Etiquette Gives Charm and Poise

Etiquette means good manners. It means knowing what to do at the right time, what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America and which serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

People with good manners, therefore, are people whose poise and dignity impress you immediately with a certain awe, a certain respect. Etiquette makes them graceful, confident. It enables them to mingle with the most cultured people and be perfectly at ease. It takes away their self-consciousness, their timidity. By knowing what is expected of them, what is the correct thing to do and say they become calm, dignified and well-poised—and they are welcomed and admired in the highest circles of business and society.

Here's the Way People Judge Us

Let us pretend that we are in the drawing room and the hostess is serving

tea. Numerous little questions of conduct confront us. If we know what to do we are happy, at ease. But if we do not know the correct and cultured thing to do, we are ill at ease. We know we are betraying ourselves. We know that those who are with us can tell immediately, simply by watching us and talking to us, if we are not cultured.

For instance, one must know how to eat cake correctly. Should it be taken up in the fingers or eaten with a fork? Should the napkin be entirely unfolded or should the center crease be allowed to remain? May lump sugar be taken up with the fingers?

There are other problems, too—many of them. Should the man rise when he accepts a cup of tea from the hostess? Should he thank her? Who should be served first? Is it good form to accept a second cup? What is the secret of creating conversation and making people find you pleasant and agreeable?

It is so easy to commit embarrassing blunders, so easy to do what is wrong. But etiquette tells us just what is expected of us and guards us from all humiliation and discomfort.

Etiquette in Public

Here are some questions which will help you find out just how much you know about the etiquette that must be observed among strangers. See how many of them you can answer:

When a man and woman enter the theatre together, who walks first down the aisle? When the usher points out the seats, does the man enter first or the woman?

There is nothing that so quickly reveals one's true station and breeding than awkward, poor manners at the table. Should the knife be held in the left hand or the right? Should olives be eaten with the fingers or with a fork? How is lettuce eaten? What is the correct and cultured way to eat corn on the cob? Are the finger-tips of both hands placed into the finger-bowl at once, or just one at a time?

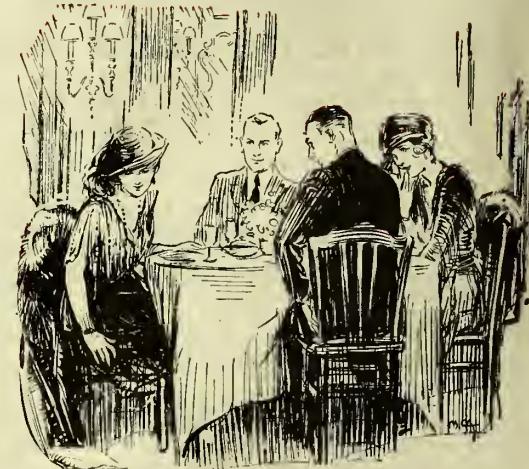
When a man walks in the street with two women does he walk between them or next to the curb? Who enters the street car first, the man or the woman? When does a man tip his hat? On what occasions is it considered bad form for him to pay a woman's fare? May a man on any occasion hold a woman's arm when they are walking together?

Some people learn all about etiquette and correct conduct by associating with cultured people and learning what to do and say at the expense of many embarrassing blunders. But most people are now learning quickly and easily through the famous Book of Etiquette—a splendid, carefully compiled, authentic guide toward correct manners on all occasions.

The Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette makes it possible for you to do, say, write and wear what is absolutely correct and in accord with the best form on every occasion—whether you are to be bridesmaid at a wedding or usher at a friend's private theatre party. It covers everyday etiquette in all its phases. There are chapters on the etiquette of engagements, weddings, dances, parties and all social entertainments. There are interesting chapters on correspondence, invitations, calls and calling cards.

New chapters on the etiquette in foreign countries



Many embarrassing blunders can be made in the public restaurant. Should the young lady in the picture pick up the fork or leave it for the waiter to attend to? Or should one of the men pick it up?

have been added, and there are many helpful hints to the man or woman who travels.

With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, there can be no mistakes, no embarrassment. One knows exactly what is correct and what is incorrect. And by knowing so definitely that one is perfect in the art of etiquette, a confident poise is developed which enables one to appear in the most elaborate drawing-room, among the most brilliant and highly cultured people, without feeling the least bit ill at ease.

Send No Money

To enable everyone, everywhere to examine the famous Book of Etiquette without obligation, we make this special offer to send the complete two-volume set free for 5 days to anyone requesting it. Entirely free—no money in advance. All that is necessary is your name and address on the coupon below and the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once at our expense. You have the privilege of examining it, reading it, and deciding for yourself whether or not you want to keep it.

Send for the Book of Etiquette today. Read some of the interesting chapters. Surprise your friends and acquaintances with your knowledge of what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions. And when you have been fully convinced that etiquette widens your circle of friends, makes you admired and respected, increases your knowledge of society and its requirements, gives you poise, self-confidence and charm—keep the set and send us \$3.50 in full payment. But if you are not utterly delighted after the 5-day free trial, simply return books and you won't be out a cent.

The Book of Etiquette is published in handsome cloth binding decorated in gold. Send for your set today. Just the coupon, remember—no money. But get your coupon off NOW. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 3610, Garden City, N. Y.

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Without money in advance or obligation on my part, send me the Two Volume set of the Books of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you \$3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obliged to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

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